

JUNE 30, 1947

New Republic

An eagle with spread wings, perched on a globe, with a banner in its beak.

Health Bargains:

Stay Well for Less

JUN 25 1947

G.I. Graduates:

\$165 a Month—Maybe

Henry Wallace:

The Farmers Wake Up

15 CENTS

PLANNING

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(Political and Economic Planning)

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Washington Wire

Well Concealed News

LET's come right out and say it, we thought Truman's labor veto message thrilling. It was the most powerful, best-organized public document since he took office. He put his heart into his follow-up broadcast, too, calling the Taft-Hartley measure "shocking." We, like countless others, joined a small group to hear the Truman broadcast. The mixed crowd contained those who favored and opposed the legislation, but most of the people knew little or nothing about it. After the speech the central question asked was: "Why haven't we been told these things before?"

That question will be asked by careful, open-minded men all over America as they read the Truman message analyzing the repressive Taft-Hartley bill. "This is bad legislation," they are saying, "maybe very bad legislation. Why haven't we been told?" One answer is the extreme length and complexity of the bill; another the deviously oblique route it followed, with emphasis on the alleged "mildness" of the Senate substitute. But we believe, finally, newspaper writers shrank from direct appraisal of the measure, partly from fear of current anti-labor hysteria and partly from outright editorial bias. The facts were there; they just, somehow, didn't make the headlines.

We suggest a Ph.D. thesis study on the Taft-Hartley bill, and offer one example. On June 12, the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, representing all the Catholic bishops of the United States, denounced the bill in a firm, strong statement. When the Catholic Church, with some 25 million members, attacks a measure in the midst of a red-hot legislative fight, it would seem like news. It made a page-one, two-column headline in next day's New York *Herald Tribune*. First search through the New York *Times*, which has led the

fight for the Taft-Hartley bill all along, disclosed no reference to it whatever. Then on page 12, without a headline and concealed under a related story, appeared a brief, 180-word boil-down. We think this incident symbolic and offer it to the future historian.

THESE unforgettable little scenes in Washington; not the great set pieces, but the vignettes, which better than anything else show the mood and temper of the day. Here is a young consultant from the US Children's Bureau, being browbeaten and bullied by a three-man House committee investigating alleged efforts of federal workers to influence legislation. Harry Becker is vice-president of Group Health, and the watchdogs of the American Medical Association have sniffed him out. He is an attractive, boyish fellow, with a

brush of auburn hair. He sits like a criminal in the smoke-laden little room.

What has he done? It all began when he was a county health officer in Kansas. He saw what happened to people who couldn't afford medical care. To the grim-faced, hectoring Representatives, Harness (R, Ind.), Manasco (D, Ala.) and Wadsworth (R, N. Y.), he told of hospitals only half-filled because people couldn't pay the fees. Now, as a federal official, he has committed an indiscretion. The deep-voiced, accusatory counsel drags the admission out as the culprit's voice rises a note or two. Yes, he has made spare-time speeches in favor of cooperative health movements. The AMA watchdogs bay lustily at this acknowledgement that he has tried to aid the ailing and helpless. Worse and worse admissions are extorted. This dangerous man has addressed meetings without fees, paid his own expenses, devoted vacation time to attending conventions.

CONGRESS is within five weeks of quitting. Truman has vetoed the tax and labor bills, will veto the wool



**"Everywhere I have
declared that neither
war nor depression
is inevitable"**



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bill and the Reed-Bulwinkle bill giving railroads anti-trust-law exemption. On the two biggest issues facing the nation—prices and housing—Congress has done nothing save kill the Truman housing program. It has passed, and Truman has signed, the law banning portal-to-portal pay, thus driving a wedge into the New Deal wage-hour act. It has approved repressive labor legislation likely to divide the nation. It has passed a make-believe rent-control bill to aid landlords. All social legislation has so far been blocked.

NOTES.—Our spies report that Governor Dewey believes he already has next year's election in the bag; he will make no statements on issues, won't announce his candidacy right up to the final convention ballot. . . . Britain and the US have agreed to put out their own bi-zonal German currency; the only delay is the time required to print it in Washington. . . . The US Labor Department will be stripped to about 2,500 workers if it loses the federal Employment Service and Conciliation Service, as seems likely; Congress is tearing apart the scapegoat department whose supposed duties cover 58 million workers now employed. . . . McGraw-Hill's *Business Week* regretfully announces discontinuance of its regular soft-coal-output figures; reason: for years the Bureau of Mines collected these statistics, then came the economy drive and "last week all the help on the job was fired." . . . Wool statistic: the present wool tariff added \$136 million to America's clothing bill last year, or \$10 million more than the total value of all home-produced wool; now Congress wants even higher protection. . . . Our hats off to the *New Yorker* magazine for two brilliant achievements: the suave profile of ambidextrous Reuben Maury, who simultaneously writes opposite editorials for the isolationist *New York Daily News* and internationalist *Collier's*; and the magnificent Rebecca West account of the Carolina lynch trial. . . . From now on, the bitter economy battle lies between GOP-dominated Senate and House Appropriations Committees, the former trying to restore some of the latter's cuts.

Washington

T. R. B.



News in Focus

Marshallism Gains

THE Marshall plan, trying anew where the Foreign Ministers failed at Moscow, opened another approach to the complex problems of European reconstruction. And the air, clouded momentarily by some ill timed anti-Soviet remarks by British Foreign Secretary Bevin, cleared considerably when the Soviet Union announced its decision to participate in discussions of the plan.

The USSR's presence at the conference table bred hopes that the Marshall idea would not become simply a new guise for an old bugaboo—a Western European bloc under US financial sponsorship.

Should the Soviet Union definitely commit itself in support of the plan, the program would gain the benefit of possible Soviet food surpluses as well as the coöperation of the smaller countries of Eastern Europe.

Whatever the USSR might decide on the basis of opening talks, it appeared that the US was ready to carry through. Creation by President Truman of three committees to study the extent to which foreign aid could be given indicated that the Administration was cautiously committing itself to the Marshall plan. The President, however, has meticulously refrained from direct reference to the Marshall program as such.



Drawing by Schloss

BEVIN

The plan, of course, is not entirely altruistic, because any American loans would, in large part, be spent in the US for food and basic industrial equipment urgently needed for rebuilding Europe.

Marshall's recommendation for intelligently planned loans to restore world balance has come close on the heels of the less cogent Truman Doctrine, which aimed at walling Russia by loans to peripheral states (latest sample of Trumanism: while Russia pondered the Marshall-plan invitation, the US quietly loaned Iran \$25 million for "purchase of military supplies," and the Iranians paid off by reforming their cabinet to give it a seemingly pro-US complexion). It is unthinkable that Marshallism and Trumanism can continue to develop together, but for the moment the State Department is playing it both ways.

Almost Enough

HARRY TRUMAN worked hard for labor—almost hard enough. But a strong, courageous veto message and three days of trying to win enough support from his own party to sustain it were not sufficient. In the face of the President's warning that the Taft-Hartley bill was "perhaps the most vicious economic and social legislation of the past decade . . . bad for labor, bad for management, bad for the country," 131 Democrats in the House and 20 Democrats in the Senate voted with the Republicans to override his veto. Only hard-down political work inside Democratic Party ranks could have saved the day for labor and won a sustaining vote on the veto. And that Truman did not do.

It was only at the last minute, after he had sent his message to Congress, that Truman seriously began looking

for votes. Twelve "doubtful" Senators, mostly Southerners, were invited to a White House lunch, but instead of heavy pressure they got only assurance from the President that he had "never been more sincere" about anything in his life and the admonition to "vote your own consciences."

The filibuster staged by a few of labor's friends—Taylor (D, Idaho), Pepper (D, Fla.), Kilgore (D, W. Va.) and Morse (R, Ore.)—to give the country time to digest the President's message and act on it was strictly their own idea. Senator Barkley, the Democratic leader, frowned on the whole project, and the White House lent no aid.

Only one of the twelve "prospects" Truman worked on at his Friday luncheon party, Sparkman of Alabama, changed his position and voted to sustain the veto. Even the President's very close friend, Senator Hatch (D, N. M.) voted to override.

Truman's poor showing as leader of his own party is bound to influence labor's decision on what to do about his candidacy in 1948. If the CIO stands by Philip Murray's declaration that this vote was their test of "whether the Democratic Party can be the instrument for the protection of the interests of the American people against those who

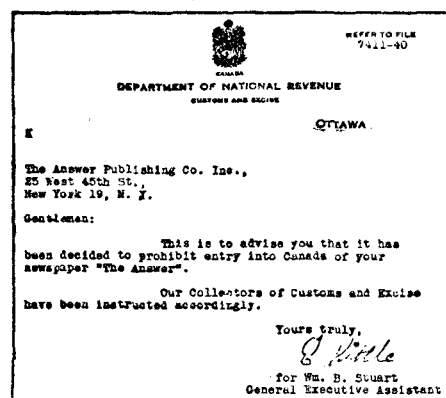
Wounded Honor

SURVIVING Kamikaze pilots of Japan have held their last get-together. At a Tokyo reunion by the grave of a buddy, 50 of them showed up, soon got happily drunk on sake. When the old grads began to sing some fight songs, the military police descended and carted them off to the hoosegow. The Kamikazes, their honor offended, vowed never to meet again.

would destroy our democracy," things look black for another term for Truman.

First Freedom

THE Answer Publishing Company's weekly newspaper, the *Answer*, is considered the chief spokesman in the Western Hemisphere for Igun, a Jewish resistance movement in Palestine. The company has received this letter from our good neighbor in the north.



The AVC Looks Ahead

THE second convention of the American Veterans' Committee proved again that the AVC is the greatest political workshop in America for young veterans. The AVC was founded to establish a representative and progressive veterans' movement in opposition to the old-line, machine-dominated organizations. Its 2,000 delegates arrived in Milwaukee on June 20 and settled down to five days of serious caucuses and platform sessions lasting from supper until breakfast. It grows light at five in the morning at Milwaukee, and for most delegates the long weekend blurred into a sleepless 96-hour day.

Last year's convention at Des Moines led to a close and bitter fight, ending in a victory for the "right." It began as a protest against outside ideologies seeking to control the AVC, and ended by threatening to become an ideology on its own.

This year the "left" wing came to Milwaukee seeking broad support for its assertion that the "right" was trying to impose one point of view on the AVC by machine methods. The "right" came, asserting that the AVC's future demanded an end to the split and a clean sweep in the election of like-minded

leaders united in a liberal program and opposition to communism. The "right's" own machine, unorganized last year, this year was highly professional in its planning and execution.

A "center" group, unable to identify itself with either machine, asserted the virtue of an independent point of view and tried to approach all issues on a basis of merit alone. It worked for a unified slate of leaders and, failing to win a compromise, ran its own full slate instead.

In a close race, the "right" won out. The AVC's new chairman, Chat Patterson, who did an outstanding job as legislative representative, faces a hard year of building the AVC. Most delegates hope that he will go at it with an open mind, and wish him luck.

Footnote

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA: Eaton, Cyrus Stephen, industrialist and banker; b. Nova Scotia, Dec. 27, 1883. Held earliest business position with John D. Rockefeller, Sr. Formed Continental Gas and Electric Co., reorganized Trumbull Steel Co., organized Republic Steel Co. in 1930; past dir. Inland Steel, Youngstown Sheet and Tube, Cleveland Trust Co.; dir. Chesapeake and Ohio Ry., Sherwin-Williams Co., National Refining Co.; chmn. bd. dir. Steep Rock Iron Mines, Ltd. . . .

WHAT'S WHAT IN AMERICA: University of Chicago *Law Review*, "A Capitalist Looks at Labor," by Cyrus S. Eaton:

¶ "Let no businessman be naïve enough to believe that restrictive legislation will be any more effective in bringing about industrial harmony than the Volstead Act was in discouraging drinking."

¶ "The casualness with which we capitalists seem willing—nay even eager—to invite the collapse of our economic system in almost every industrial dispute for the sole purpose of thwarting labor is utterly incomprehensible. Labor not only produces the goods and consumes a large part of them; labor also has the votes."

¶ "I also believe we may ultimately see a strong alliance between labor and the farmer, accompanied by a tremendous

expansion of the manufacturing and selling coöperatives. The effecting of such a formidable combination awaits only the magic touch of some dynamic personality."

Fare Game

THE 100 war veterans, 23 of them Purple Heart winners, who started a taxicab association in Philadelphia last November (the NR, January 1) and gave "free" (tips only) rides, are not doing so well. Since May, after their request for a franchise was refused by the state Public Utilities Commission, their yellow and maroon cabs have been ruled off the streets, leaving the taxi traffic almost wholly in the hands of the Yellow Cab Company. (To keep up payments on their cabs, the ex-GI's turned them into fruit stands and did a thriving business at curbs of busy intersections.)

But the vets have not given up. Next week they will appear before the PUC for the second time, to ask for operating permits. This time they will ask for permits as individuals rather than as an association, since the PUC has already turned down their plea for a corporation franchise. Reason for the PUC decision: profits under a corporation franchise would not go to veterans, because their elected head is a non-vet—a piece of logic that has baffled Philadelphians, who are generally sympathetic to the veterans (40,000 citizens have signed petitions for independent, vet-driven cabs to relieve the city's inadequate taxi service).

The veterans believe next week's hearings will put a happy ending to their stubborn battle for recognition. After all, a spokesman points out, the "suitability" of the applicant is all that has to be established to get him his franchise—"and we think we've proved that to Uncle Sam's satisfaction."

Out of Control

CONGRESS last week passed a rent-control bill which removes all rent controls. To go into effect, the Wolcott bill needs only the expected signature of President Truman. Specifically, here is how the bill will work.

If you are now renting an apartment or a house, your landlord is likely to ask you to sign a "voluntary" lease on or before December 31, 1947, providing a rent increase of up to 15 percent. Since most people won't have a place to move when the Rent Control Act expires on February 29, 1948, there is no other recourse than to sign such leases.

If your landlord demands more than 15 percent, the bill won't help you much. Where the landlord can establish that the violation was not "willful," the tenant is permitted to recover only the amount of the overcharge. All criminal sanctions have been removed. With the threat of future evictions next winter, most tenants will be reluctant to sue anyway. The housing expediter, now deprived of his former right to sue on behalf of the tenant, can only obtain an injunction prohibiting further violations.

Even if you agree to the 15-percent increase, you can be evicted on these counts: if the landlord wants the house for his personal use; if he sells it; if he wants to alter or remodel it.

If you are a veteran and plan to purchase a new home, your chances are poor. For 30 days after completion, new apartments and houses may be sold only to veterans. But there is no requirement that they be *offered* to veterans. Thus the owner could keep quiet for 30 days and then sell the place to whomever he wished. Housing completed after Febru-

ary 1, 1948, is exempt from all controls under the bill.

Actually, the only building controls retained in the Wolcott bill are those on construction for amusement or recreation. Industrial and other commercial construction could go ahead without federal clearance. Opponents declare that there is now a backlog of more than \$2 billion in deferred non-residential construction which would burst upon the market if controls were removed. Residential building could hardly stand such competition for materials and labor.

Wool and the GOP

WESTERN sheep ranchers had just begun their semi-annual clipping last spring when Congress started talking about what should become of the wool. The problem, since woolgrowing comprises only one-half of one percent of the nation's business, was a minor one. But by the time Congress was through with it, wool had become a key part of Republican high strategy and a hot international issue.

In April the wool lobby succeeded in introducing a fairly innocuous bill into the Senate authorizing the Commodity Credit Corporation to continue buying domestic wool at a fixed 42 cents a pound. Sheep-raisers have lost money for a long time; everybody agrees they need help. The bill passed and went to the

House, where the wool lobbyists really got down to work. Price support wasn't enough. They wanted more.

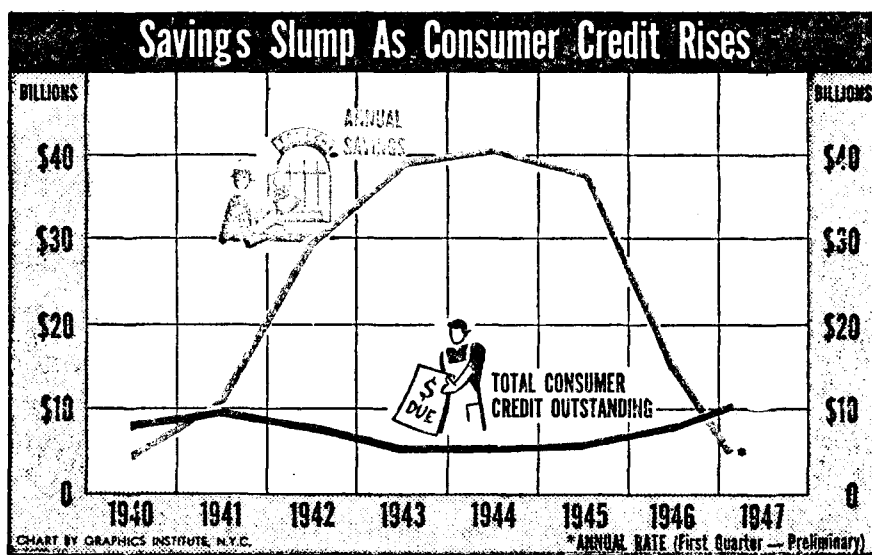
In the House Agriculture Committee the bill was amended to require the Secretary of Agriculture to impose "a fee" on foreign-wool imports if he found foreign wool underselling domestic wool.

Secretary Marshall and Undersecretary Will Clayton both protested that this move toward high tariffs would wreck US international economic policy and any chance of ordered world recovery. With one breath, they declared, the US was talking free trade; with the next it was calling for new tariff barriers.

The House was unmoved by such appeals. The GOP knew exactly what it was doing. Unwilling yet to make an open, frontal attack on the whole concept of reciprocal-trade treaties, the GOP had found a way (through wool) to make a no less deadly flank attack. One extraordinarily frank, though perhaps naïve, Republican went so far as to admit openly that the Smoot-Hawley tariff is the kind the GOP wants back.

Never Bit Her

LAST week H. L. Mencken, in an interview with New York *Post* columnist Earl Wilson, was reminded of the time when he "got baptized by Aimee Semple McPherson and bit her



☐ With rising prices, more goods on the market and less pressure to buy War and Victory bonds, America is gradually going back on the cuff. During 1945-46, individual savings dropped from \$33 billion to \$19 billion. The decline continued in 1947.

☐ As savings fell, instalment buying rose. From a low of \$4.7 billion in 1944, total consumer credit had climbed to above \$10 billion in early 1947, just about the same figure as before Pearl Harbor.

☐ Optimists point out that the US national income has climbed even more sharply and estimate that there is still another \$8 billion or so of consumer credit available.

The big "if"—will American shoppers remain willing to go into debt in order to buy at inflated prices?

ankle." Mencken snorted, "It's a God-damned libel. We did put ourselves up for baptism but never went back."

The aging editor also gave out with these remarks on selected subjects:

President Truman—"That quack!"

Senator Taft—"[Not] as dumb or as big a boob" as Hoover.

Harold Stassen—"... Cheap . . . demagogue . . . a Republican Henry Wallace."

The Chinese—"There's not an honest man in China."

The Japs—"... The only intelligent Orientals. . . I don't like them."

War with Russia—"I'm in favor of war and hope it starts soon."

"The consensus is they wouldn't last 60 days," added the man who hadn't gone back to be baptized.

Bad News for Hinterland

THE Senate's 60-to-27 approval of the Reed-Bulwinkle railroad bill dealt a severe blow to the hopes of Southern and Western shippers who have been pleading for the abolition of discriminatory freight rates. The Southern Senate bloc, joined by three Republicans, opposed the bill on these grounds:

☐ The bill legalizes the railroads' rate-making bureaus, which have long kept freight charges high in the South and West. In the North and East the cost of shipping 100 pounds 50 miles is 47 cents; in the South, 57 cents.

☐ By freeing the \$23 billion railroad industry from the anti-trust laws, the bill allows the roads to set up a private government of their own completely outside federal authority.

☐ The bill also exempts other transportation monopolies such as bus and steamship lines, water carriers and pipe-line companies from anti-trust action.

☐ The bill would enable banking influences participating in rate-making procedures to dodge the anti-trust laws.

Although the bill is an odds-on bet to pass the House, which okayed it last year 277 to 45, the railroad lobbyists are not so confident about the President's action. They remember the year Senator Harry Truman gave them a few uncom-

UN Score Card

☐ The *Security Council* turned to discussion of a governor for Trieste after members failed to reach agreement on the size of the proposed UN police force.

☐ The Council's *Commission on Conventional Armaments*, accepting a US proposal for considering control of armaments, ran into serious opposition from Russia's Andrei Gromyko, who declared the US plan would lead to "collapse" of work in this field (see page 33).

☐ The *Drafting Committee on an International Bill of Rights* discussed the possibility of setting up a world court to which people deprived of their human rights would have redress.

☐ The *Special Committee to Investigate Palestine* spent its first week in the Holy Land visiting Jewish and Arab religious centers and industries in Haifa.

☐ The executive board of the *International Children's Emergency Fund* announced it would provide 3,250,000 European and Chinese children with milk, fats, cod-liver oil and other food essentials within the next six months.

fortable months during an investigation of the transportation monopoly. Truman's subsequent co-authorship of the Transportation Act of 1940 put him clearly on record as opposing any attempts to remove the roads from anti-trust jurisdiction.

Unemployed Dollars

THE ex-GI who is unable to persuade his local bank to finance a home for his wife and children might try to tap one of the nation's new-car dealers, who are building up handsome cash reserves these days.

In New York, for example, most of the city's 385 dealers keep fat lists of 200 to 1,000 waiting customers. They require deposits of \$50 to \$200 from each applicant. Thus a dealer with 500 "waitees," each of whom makes a \$100 deposit, swings the equivalent of a \$50,000 loan without interest.

Since the usual waiting time for a new car is a year to 18 months, the

dealer has use of this money for a long enough time to make a considerable investment return. A conservative estimate places the total sum of such cash now in the hands of the nation's new-car dealers at more than \$100 million.

PUD's Setback

PUBLIC ownership of electric power has received a setback in the Pacific Northwest. The Washington State Supreme Court has ruled out, at least for the time being, a plan under which a group of local "Public Utility Districts" would have bought and operated the huge Puget Sound Power and Light Company.

Because the PUD in Skagit County would have acted as purchasing agent for all the other public-utility districts involved, the court declared the purchase illegal: Skagit County would have been buying a system most of whose revenues came from operations outside its borders. Politics snapped and crackled around the court's five-to-four decision. There was sharp criticism of the long delay in the case, and the judges took to accusing each other publicly of playing politics.

Public-power advocates in Washington State are not downhearted. There were technical complications in the proposed plan that made some men who favor the general principle of public ownership hesitate about this application of it. They know the Northwest needs cheap electricity and plenty of it, and that, the government-ownership men say, in the long run means only one thing: public power.

Freight-Car Crisis

THIS YEAR the railroads will have more freight to haul than at any time since the end of the war and will have 20,000 fewer freight cars than they had a year ago. Even if the rail companies make maximum use of the equipment on hand, there will probably be a shortage of 75,000 to 100,000 cars per week when the freight load reaches its peak toward the end of October.

For months now, various congressional committees have been holding hear-

ings to distribute the blame for this situation. A Western caucus of House members has been conducting an investigation of its own which it claims reveals that Eastern railroads, through their control of boxcar routings, are monopolizing the cars and holding Western-line cars in the East.

Colonel J. M. Johnson, Defense Transportation Administrator, originally tried to pin the blame on Civilian Production Administrator John Small for failing to allocate large amounts of steel to freight-car building. The steel companies torpedoed that answer by saying they would have been willing

to supply the steel if the car builders had ordered it. The car builders explained that they can't order steel until they have orders for cars. The railroads said the Interstate Commerce Commission should have given them more and bigger freight-rate increases so that they could afford new cars.

Now the Department of Justice is exploring another possible cause. Attorney General Tom Clark has ordered a grand-jury investigation into alleged collusion among freight-car-building companies to suppress competition. And the Justice Department is also preparing to look into the American Association

of Railroads' methods of distributing the freight cars available.

For months now, railroads have been talking about a monthly goal of 10,000 new cars but putting into operation closer to 3,000. (From 5,000 to 7,000 cars are now being taken out of service each month because of age or decrepitude.)

Representative Lemke (R, N. D.) has introduced a bill to place management of all boxcar supply and distribution in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The AAR protests to Congress that an abundant supply of cars is just around the corner.

The Economics of Hunger

by Helen Fuller

THERE is still a chance that 1947 will be another record-crop year in the US. The prospects now depend largely on corn. May and early June were abnormally cold and wet in most of the corn belt. Planting was badly delayed. Conditions were so bad in Missouri, Indiana, northern Illinois and parts of Iowa and Ohio that many acres set aside for corn have not been planted. They will either lie fallow or go into pasture this year.

Before the war, such weather conditions would have meant a corn-crop failure. But with hybrid corn and the power-machine methods adopted to increase production during the war, the Department of Agriculture believes that we will still produce just under three billion bushels (last year 3.3 billion bushels).

In principle, a smaller corn crop would be inflationary, since the smaller the corn crop the leaner the meat crop. But Department of Agriculture experts believe the demand for feeder cattle will drop as the price of corn increases; that slaughtering will thereby be increased; and that prices will drop, at least on low-grade beef.

More important, 1947 will mark the first billion-bushel winter-wheat crop in US history. A crop of 300 million

bushels of spring wheat is anticipated, promising a record total of almost one and a half billion bushels.

The President's Economic Council disagrees with farm groups who think that this means a wheat surplus next year. Despite worldwide efforts to increase food production, the most important producing areas outside the United States probably will harvest less this year than last. Bad weather, floods and labor shortages in Western Europe have cut production of food grains. There will be some increase in potatoes, fats and oils. But there will be less bread from the home supply in France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Germany, Spain, Portugal and parts of Italy; less rice in most of the Far East. (Food production in the Danube Basin and the Soviet Union shows an increase this year.)

Unless the United States makes substantial European loans, this year's foreign market for our agricultural products will be limited almost exclusively to wheat, rice, barley and oats. The conference of food ministers called by Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson (Paris, July 9) will presumably take stock of available food supplies and assess needs. To European nations the US may seem like the wel-

fare worker who asks the sharecropper what he has in the pantry before talking about next year's handout.

Some of the farm groups that would profit from large foreign loans through increased export markets—producers of dairy products, fats, oils, peas, beans, canned goods and fruits—are beginning to urge Congress and the State Department to push the kind of large-scale loan program Secretary Marshall outlined in his Harvard speech.

State Department economists expect that a \$5-to-\$6 billion-a-year program of loans, credits and grants would mean \$1 billion worth of US food exports annually. Trade experts also emphasize that the farm market at home will share the general decline if some way is not found to wipe out the present \$9 billion-a-year excess of US exports over imports.

Six months ago government economists were predicting that the first "soft spot" in prices would come in agricultural products—at about this time. Now experts close to the President's Economic Council see no signs of such a drop this year. Their soundings on the agricultural front indicate continued inflationary pressure.

The US Department of Agriculture is standing by its earlier prediction of a farm price drop in the late fall, but its prophecy is based on the expectation of a general industrial setback, not merely on agricultural factors.

The Vatican's "Vital Law" Works Again by John Mecklin

THE Vatican this month has made what almost certainly appears to be a historic change in its foreign policy.

Three editorials in the Vatican newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, June 13, 17 and 21, sympathetically examined the Soviet Union's problems—a shift of emphasis that created the same shock in liberal circles here as would the opening of a night club in Saint Peter's.

Two deductions seem inescapable: one, that the Roman Catholic Church believes the United States policy of trying to "dam up" communism will not work; two, that the Holy See, with one of the finest intelligence services in the world, is fearful that war is coming and is trying to regain a neutral position.

The editorials appear to be examples of what the Pope on February 29, 1946, called the Church's "vital law of continuous adaptation." Partisans would be justified in finding in them at once pure cynical opportunism and a sincere effort to preserve peace.

Sixteen months ago, the Pope told his radio audience that he refrained from approving the Naz. attack on Russia only because the spread of war was worse than communism. Now the *Osservatore* articles in effect condemn the Truman Doctrine for making the same mistake Hitler made—blind failure to understand Russia's motives.

The editorials were written by the aging Count Giuseppe Dalla Torre, who has been *L'Osservatore's* editor in chief for almost a quarter of a century. They were unquestionably approved by the Pope, though the *Osservatore* is technically an unofficial organ.

The argument is this: The East-West conflict has reached the stage where each side is believing "*Mors tua, vita mea*" ("Death to you means life for me"). Each is faced with the question of whether its ideology is worth risking the destruction of its state.

But this is an error, says Dalla Torre, because in each case the ideology—that is, communism and democracy—has already been subordinated to the interests of the state. He argues that this was proved by Russia's shift of sides during the war in denial of the neutrality called for by the Communist ideal.

In what, to say the least, is a remark-



able statement by a Vatican organ, he continues to say that Russia fought "not for principles, which she had in common with neither side, but to assure better borders to liberate the fatherland and to guarantee for herself a Europe no longer at the mercy of aggressors." The problem, thus, is "arduous but political," and therefore solvable because immutable ideals have been subordinated.

The second editorial condemns the Anglo-American notes on the Hungarian coup and the speeches of Welles, Hoover and Acheson because they deny the possibility of an understanding with Russia and "add new motives of tension and preoccupation over an inevitable conflict."

Likening French progress from Danton to Napoleon to the Soviet change from Lenin to Stalin, Dalla Torre says the world reacted in the same way to both, with a defensive psychosis climaxed by defensive aggression—"Here is the reason for the invasion of France by the Prussians . . . and that endured by Russia at the hand of the Germans. . . . To think exclusively of an aggressive policy on Russia's part as was once thought of France, is to deny that she has motives for defense and to seek more defensible borders after seeing them so easily violated."

IN the third article, Dalla Torre balances his earlier rebukes to the US with mildly phrased criticism of Russia's attempts to expand communism beyond her own borders. Despite its anti-Russian tone, however, the editorial continues to tread lightly on ideological issues, expressing its deepest concern over the threat of another world conflict. And in a plea for a practical working agreement between the US and Russia to avert war, Dalla Torre implies that existing policies, such as the Truman

Doctrine, are inadequate and hence dangerous.

The bombshell suddenness of Dalla Torre's discovery that the Communists are not all wrong is illustrated by the fact that only 11 days before the first editorial, the Pope delivered a world broadcast condemning the "revolutionaries of tomorrow" and charging the Russians, though not by name, with using the same "methods of hate and violence" as the Nazis.

Vatican sources say the new tactics are consistent with the Pope's constant effort toward peace and compare the Dalla Torre argument to one of the Pope's last speeches before the Nazis invaded Poland—"Nothing is lost by peace and much would be compromised by war." It would be absurd, they say, to conclude that there has been a change in the Church's ideological opposition to communism—instead the editorials demonstrate that it considers war the greater of two evils.

WITH due respect to the wisdom of Dalla Torre's remarks, it looks as though the Vatican wants Radio Moscow to cease linking it so closely with United States dollar diplomacy. An Italian Socialist leader cynically told the writer, "It's a sort of reversal of the prewar Vatican policy, when it was definitely pro-Fascist but managed to say plenty of things against them as future insurance."

Further, the Vatican, with its roots deep in the soil of European life, apparently is conscious of the success of leftist propagandists in using the Truman Doctrine and Vatican anti-communism to turn the masses against both the United States and Rome. The Truman Doctrine is such a red-hot issue over here that the Vatican would like to have no part of it.

It is reported, though it will never officially be confirmed, that United States prelates will be asked to go lightly on future anti-Communist propaganda. If the three editorials are truly significant, it may be expected that *L'Osservatore's* almost daily verbal duels with Moscow will be tempered somewhat.

Whatever the meaning of the Holy See's new strategy, one thing is certain—it can do no harm and it conceivably could help, especially if it prevails upon the parish priests of the world to cease using their office to aggravate the illness of divided peoples.

John Mecklin is a radio correspondent in Rome.

Henry Wallace

Bevin Muddies the Waters

THE "Marshall Doctrine," expounded by the Secretary of State in his speech at Harvard, was a great advance over the Truman Doctrine of three months earlier. Marshall recognized that the fundamental problem is economic, that Europe must be aided as a whole and not country by country, that it must cooperate in efforts for recovery. He left the door open for Russia to join in the effort. He said many of the things that I have been saying, in public speeches and in the pages of the *New Republic*, in recent months. His speech made me begin to think the Truman Administration realized the unwisdom of the earlier policy and was prepared to forget it. My chief question about the Marshall plan was whether the Republican-dominated Congress would appropriate the necessary billions without assurances that the money would be spent only for fiercely anti-Communist and anti-Socialist objectives.

But now, at the very time when even spokesmen for the Vatican are proclaiming the possibility that communism and capitalism can live in the same world at peace, British Foreign Minister Bevin warmly welcomes the Marshall program as being actually an extension of the Truman Doctrine. His challenge to Russia is so sharp that it is bound to have a profound effect on the Russians, especially if they think that Washington knew and approved in advance of what Bevin said. His statement was wholly inconsistent with his almost simultaneous invitation to Moscow to join the talks on European needs. The fact that the Russians have now agreed to join these talks is certainly in spite of, and not because of, the great gap between Bevin's official actions and his public statements.

The Truman Doctrine in Greece and Turkey was followed by, and may have helped to cause, the Communist pressure to change the Hungarian government. If the Bevin policy actually represented the highest statesmanship of which Britain and the United States are now capable, developments similar to that in Hungary might easily come about in other countries and perhaps throughout Western Europe. Whatever the degree of Russian responsibility for what happened in Hungary and may happen elsewhere, Russian domination would be a disaster to the world for at least two reasons. First, Russia does not at present have the material resources with which to put these countries back on their feet;

nobody has these resources except the United States. Second, such a development means two worlds, with a vengeance, and a continued deterioration of relations pointing toward the final disaster of a new war.

The only constructive approach is to apply the Marshall program through the United Nations, using the Economic Commission for Europe as its chief tool. I see no alternative that is not heavily charged with danger.

ON ONE thing I agree wholeheartedly with Bevin. Time is of the essence; we must act and act soon. In Britain, France, Italy and other Western European countries, the supply of American dollars with which to buy urgently necessary imports is running out. Standards of living, already low, are likely to fall still lower with terrifying speed. This accounts for the frantic note in Bevin's speech. He knows that without United States participation on a vast scale, and no later than 1948, misery will sweep the world.

Yet in this time of crisis both Britain and the United States are paying scant heed to the machinery of the United Nations. As Trygve Lie points out, the UN Economic Commission for Europe is now meeting in Geneva; Russia is a member of that commission, which has already assembled all the facts that are required to begin the job of rebuilding Europe. Yet in spite of the urgency of the situation, Lie says that no representative of the United States has formally discussed the question with any official of the United Nations. Furthermore, according to the *New York Times*, the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, in which American influence is so heavy, "has shown a marked disinclination to heed any recommendations by the Economic Commission."

Russia has been and is being enormously difficult to deal with. This is true for a variety of reasons, some of which are our fault. For many years the Russians have expected an eventual attack by the West, on the theory, right or wrong, that the capitalist world would not permit the Communist world to live and develop in peace. The original Truman Doctrine certainly seemed to Moscow to move in the direction of justifying that fear; the Bevin speech, for all that it pays lip service to the Marshall Doctrine, cannot fail to be read by the Russians as still further justifying such fears. How else can the Rus-

sians interpret the statement which in unmistakable terms compares Russian actions today with Hitler's actions before the outbreak of the Second World War?

I believe it is still possible to put the Marshall Doctrine into effect and to make it work. I believe we can

come to an understanding with the Russians and that capitalism and communism can live in the same world without going to war. But to achieve this result, we must put an end to Russian fears. To accomplish this is the major obligation of world statesmanship today.

Report on the Farmers

TO ME, one of the greatest stories in the United States is the awakening of the farmer. Everywhere on my journey through the Western and Northwestern states, I found signs that a great new progressive movement is about to take shape among our farmers.



For example, in Jamestown, North Dakota, on June 7, 500 delegates of the Farmers' Union ended a two-day conference by founding the Farmers' Union Progressive Alliance. This Alliance is open to all citizens of North Dakota. It will be independent of North Dakota's ineffective Democratic Party and of its once powerful and progressive Non-Partisan League, now weak and conservative in its affiliation with the Republican Party. The Alliance, under the direction of an outstanding young progressive, Quentin Burdick, will support progressive men and issues, irrespective of party, and will run its own candidates. The formation of the Alliance is certainly the most important political development in North Dakota since 1915, when the Non-Partisan League was started. The influence of a great farm organization, representing one-half of the farm families of North Dakota, undertaking political action on an all-out basis, can be important for all America.

To appreciate fully the significance of this event, it is worth going back into the history of the progressive movement in North Dakota and the recent developments in the state.

Back in 1914, the farmers of North Dakota, suffering under increasing attacks from railroads and Eastern interests, took a beating from the state legislature that was more than they could bear. They began simultaneously to organize in two progressive movements—one economic, the Farmers' Union; one political, the Non-Partisan League. The League launched a great campaign around a truly progressive program, for minimum wages, protection for women and children in industry, control of the terminal elevators of the state, a state bank and other issues. The League elected Lynn Frazier Governor and at the peak of its power was the controlling group in North Dakota.

In the twenties and in the latter part of the thirties, after a revival during the depression, the League declined in influence. Finally, instead of forming an alliance with the Democratic Party, the League formed an

alliance with the Republicans. Progressives then left the League. But the Democratic Party remained largely conservative and more concerned with grabbing federal patronage than with fighting for progress in

North Dakota. Until this June, progressives in that region had nowhere to turn.

Meanwhile, the Farmers' Union gained slowly under Charles Talbott, and later under Glenn Talbott, his son. Today 35,000 of the 57,000 farm families of North Dakota belong to the union. They pay \$5 a family each year in dues. For that they get a national, a statewide and even a county newspaper, and membership in one of the tightest and best organizations in America. Fifteen hundred local groups of the National Farmers' Union meet with staff organizers once or twice a month for discussions on local, national and world problems, armed with facts and outlines provided by the state and county organizations. Each year, with wives and children over 16 voting in addition to the farmers themselves, the locals elect their officers and their delegates to the state convention, where the next year's program is planned. And each year staff organizers and local representatives meet for a week or more in a leadership institute, to train themselves for the educational program the Farmers' Union carries on.

ALL THIS, of course, costs for each family far more than the \$5 dues, divided among local, state and national units of the union. Much of the income for the educational work comes from the coöperatives—run by the union—which can spend five percent of their net income on education. This helps to make up the \$300,000 state budget, audited and published in full each year.



One hundred and thirty coöperatives supply the Farmers' Union members with oil, gas, farm machinery and other essentials. Three hundred local coöperatives operate grain elevators affiliated with the Farmers' Union Grain Terminal Association in St. Paul and there are 50 local coöperative creameries. Seventy-five credit unions give short and long-term loans. The Farmers' Union Mutual Fire Insurance Company protects its members at low cost.

Nine years ago there were only 7,000 families in the North Dakota Farmers' Union. Its leaders always

asserted that once it became embroiled in the bitter political battles of North Dakota it would perish. Today, however, it is the fastest growing organization in the state, menacing vested medical interests by calling for a real public-health program as part of a developing coöperative life. So this year the 1947 state legislature, dominated by Republicans, undertook a full-scale attack on the Farmers' Union. With a two-thirds majority in the state senate and a narrow majority in the house, the hostile program was pushed forward with fighting determination in three bills.

THE first was an alleged tax bill which in fact provided for the liquidation of the Farmers' Union coöperatives. It called for an amendment to the state tax law requiring coöperatives to pay income tax on all earnings not distributed in cash. This of course would have bankrupted the coöperatives by forcing them to start each new year with greatly diminished reserves.

The second bill sought to cripple the Farmers' Union Mutual Fire Insurance Company by providing that all mutual insurance companies should hold 100-percent reserves. This in fact would have put the company \$45 in the hole for every new policy signed up.

A third bill would have forced the insurance company out of the state. It permitted the State Commissioner of Insurance to prefer charges without public justification or any provision for review, and would have almost automatically killed the company. "Why do you need this power?" Commissioner Otto Krueger was asked at the hearings. "You have the power now, if the company is acting wrongly." "Yes," he answered, "but now I have to show cause."

These three bills were passed by the senate. Then an aroused Farmers' Union crowded the galleries of the legislature with 100 to 500 farmers a day, until by a narrow margin the house defeated the bills. I asked one old farmer how they had persuaded the Republican legislators. "Well," he said, "I guess we kind of clubbed them." "Anyhow," Glenn Talbott told me, "it was too close to be comfortable."



So the Farmers' Union decided that at last the time for political action had come. Now, with its effective organization reaching into every community, and its brilliant and efficient leaders like Talbott, it is in a position to accomplish miracles in political organization. South Dakota, Montana, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska and other states will all feel the effect as the farmers of North Dakota swing their state back to the old militant spirit of the Non-Partisan League.

For many reasons, the farmers of North Dakota are moving toward a new agrarian radicalism. Although they are well off, there is an undercurrent of concern

among them about the future. The action of Congress in cutting reclamation appropriations has worried them. They know that prosperity for wheat farmers requires world prosperity and they connect 16 million workers on breadlines with 50-cent wheat and \$3 hogs in 1932.

Today the pressing problem of surpluses is once again compelling the farmer to look at national and world problems from a new point of view. In California, eastern Oregon, Washington and Idaho, fruit growers are faced with large carry-overs of frozen berries, cherries and tree fruits. Unless these stocks can be moved, the 1947 crop will have to be greatly curtailed, hurting farmers and processors. Foreign relief is the one real hope for these groups and they are appealing to Congress to provide increased help to hungry peoples overseas.



In eastern Oregon, wheat growers, plagued by crickets, drought and frost, are more than ever in need of federal crop insurance. Insurance premiums paid in by growers during good years have built up large reserves; yet the three-year insurance contracts now in effect on 3,800 Oregon farms are due to be canceled by the bill, approved by the Republican leadership, to limit crop insurance to 50 counties in the entire country. The effect is disastrous for Oregon farmers. Those of eastern Oregon and southern Idaho have been further incensed by Senate bill 99, known as the "Idaho power grab." This bill, introduced into the Oregon legislature at the request of the Idaho Power Company, which has resisted all efforts to extend Bonneville transmission lines into the territory, turns over the power rights of the mountain rivers to the private utility monopoly.

In Colorado, a record acreage of wheat is ripening, but is threatened by a shortage of elevator storage space and freight cars. Governors of all the mountain states are demanding federal action to purchase and ship the wheat for overseas relief.

Wheat and cotton prices will be the first to break when depression hits America. The exposed condition of these crops and their dependence on world prosperity is creating a new international consciousness among the wheat and cotton farmers of America.

THERE is, of course, a deeper crisis in the future for American farmers. As we looked out over the tremendous scenery of Rocky Mountain National Park on one unforgettable day, I talked about this crisis with Lee Fryer of the Farmers' Union, one of the top farm economists in America.

"The farmers are losing faith in the leadership of the political parties," Fryer said. "More and more they have a feeling of futility. They feel as if they are little men who don't count and can't control events."

(Continued on page 37)

Best Buys in Medical Care

by Leonard Engel

When considering health insurance, look for comprehensive service plans and beware of jokers in individual "bargain" schemes

IF YOUR name is on any big mailing list, two or three times a month you can expect to find advertising circulars for hospital and medical insurance in your mailbox. In the absence of federal health insurance, hundreds of schemes have sprung up for helping people to pay hospital and medical bills. Already they have a total of nearly 35 million subscribers, and they are reaching out for more.

Unfortunately, not all hospital and medical-insurance schemes are good buys. Although many are excellent, some are worth their cost only to particular groups and individuals. Still others are practically worthless.

It isn't easy to tell a good plan from a bad one. Naturally, every scheme puts its best foot forward. The ifs and buts are invariably set in fine print and in polysyllabic technical language. The intelligent health-insurance buyer will want a road map to help him through the maze.

To begin with, hospital and medical-insurance plans are infinitely varied in form. With varying degrees of completeness, they may cover any one or all of the following: hospitalization (room and board in a hospital and use of hospital facilities); surgery; and care by the doctor (whether in the hospital, the doctor's office or at home). They

may furnish actual hospital or medical service, or merely reimburse the patient for his expenses. They may be co-operatives set up by hospitals, doctors or consumers, or they may be mutual-insurance schemes, or again they may be purely commercial insurance operations. They may be open to group subscribers only, or to groups and individuals both.

To all health-insurance schemes, regardless of setup, three general principles apply:

1. There is no such thing as a bargain in health insurance. Hospital and medical-insurance plans can pay out

only as much as they take in, minus administration expenses. If the premiums are small, the benefits will be small and the insurance of little value.

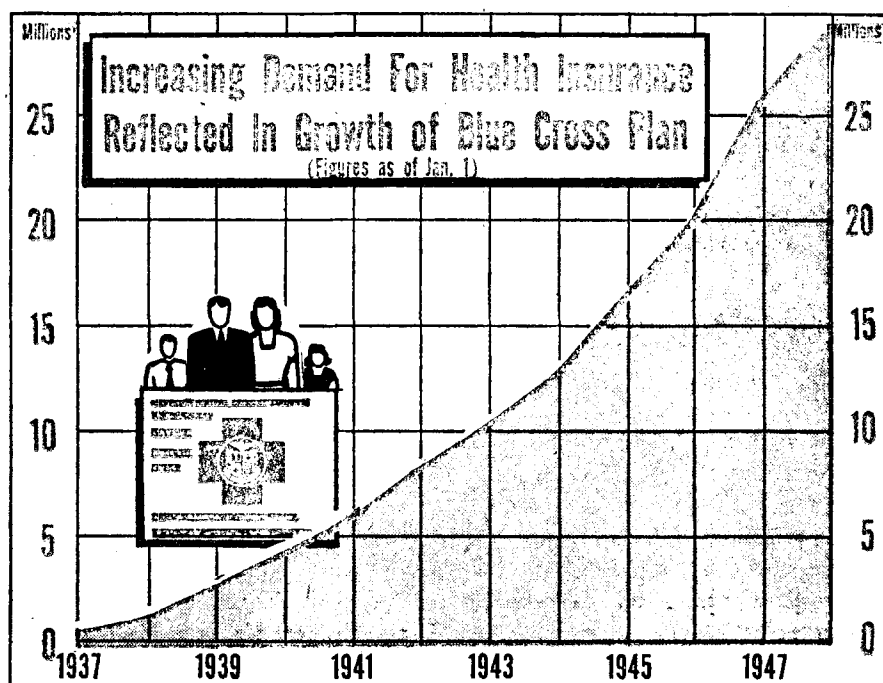
2. Over the years, the average individual requires a great deal of hospital and medical care, with the result that complete health insurance costs a minimum of \$40 a year per person. This must be paid for in hard cash; *i. e.*, substantial premiums. Any policy or combination of policies costing less than \$40 annually per person does not give complete protection, no matter what the advertising says.

3. The one real possibility for economy in health insurance lies in application of the group principle. Group insurance spreads the risk and lowers administration costs. Hence, group insurance is a better buy than individually purchased insurance.

Now we are ready to proceed to specifics. Let's start with hospitalization.

Far and away the largest hospitalization scheme is the Blue Cross, the plan sponsored by the American Hospital Association. The Blue Cross, which has 27 million subscribers, operates through autonomous local, state and provincial units. Virtually all the general hospitals in the United States, Canada and Puerto Rico belong.

Blue Cross is primarily a service plan, with benefits in the form of hos-



Leonard Engel is co-author with Emanuel S. Piller of *World Aflame*, published by the Dial Press last month. He was a feature writer for the newspaper PM during the war.

pital room and board and hospital services. However, subscribers who may be hospitalized away from home receive cash payments. Many Blue Cross units accept individual as well as group subscribers.

Every Blue Cross unit has its own schedule of rates and services. Typical rates (payable in monthly or quarterly instalments) are:

GROUP ENROLMENT

Single person	\$12 per year
Family	33 " "

INDIVIDUAL ENROLMENT

Single person	\$14 per year
Family	38 " "

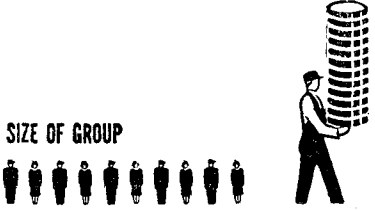
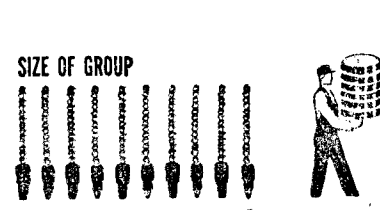
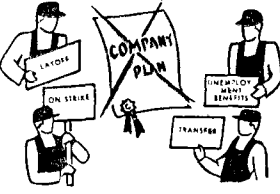
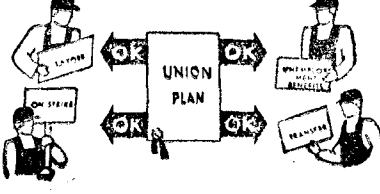
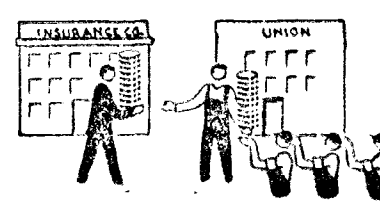
These fees, on the average, entitle Blue Cross cardholders and members of their families to 30 days of semi-private care a year in any member hospital they choose, an additional 90 to 180 days at a 50-percent discount, use of the operating room, anesthesia, physiotherapy and routine laboratory tests. As a rule, benefits do not cover tuberculosis, venereal disease or mental disorders, and maternity hospitalization is extended only to family enrollees.

Hospital insurance is also offered, both on a group and an individual basis, by many insurance companies. Commercial hospitalization policies usually provide for a cash payment of \$4 to \$8 a day for a specified number of days a year. On the surface, many of the commercial policies are extremely attractive. The premiums are as low as Blue Cross charges and, as will be brought out below, other types of benefits are often included. But there is a joker in all "bargain" individual hospitalization policies. The commonest joker is restriction of the list of illnesses covered: what frequently happens is that costly illnesses are excluded.

If an individual can't get Blue Cross coverage, his best bet is a standard accident policy. Individually written hospitalization policies are a particularly bad buy, as one out of every three premium dollars must be retained for administration expenses and profits. The cost of accident policies is reasonable, but they give protection against only one source of catastrophic hospital bills.

So much for hospitalization. Now for surgical and medical plans.

Advantages of a Union-Directed Health Plan

EMPLOYER PLAN	UNION PLAN
 SIZE OF GROUP COST PER WORKER 1. Rate Based On Single Group of Employees	 SIZE OF GROUP COST PER WORKER 1. Lower Rate, Based on Many Groups of Union Members Throughout an Industry
 2. You Are Protected Only While You Work for the Same Employer	 2. You Are Protected in Any Union-Contract Plant, and During Strikes, Layoffs and Unemployment
 3. Insurance Dividends Go To the Employer	 3. Insurance Dividends Go To the Union and Its Members

Adapted From Martin E. Segal & Co. Presentation

If you are willing to spend \$29 a year per person, or \$85 a year per family; if you are associated with a large enough group; and if you live in areas where such plans operate, your best bet is a comprehensive non-profit service scheme like New York's famed HIP (Health Insurance Plan) or the Kaiser plan on the West Coast. These plans offer, in a single package, practically all the surgery and medicine you or your family will ever require. Together with Blue Cross hospitalization, they provide complete health coverage at a rock-bottom over-all price, roughly \$40 per person a year.

The New York Health Insurance Plan, for example, provides medical, specialist, surgical and obstetrical care whenever and wherever needed—at

home, in the doctor's office or in the hospital. All diagnostic and laboratory tests are included. So also are physiotherapy and radiotherapy, eye examinations, visiting-nurse service, ambulance service and psychiatric advice. Finally, HIP provides periodic medical check-ups and immunizations. Aside from drug addiction, acute alcoholism and purely cosmetic surgery, the only ailments excluded are those calling for long-term psychiatric or institutional treatment. Medicine, eyeglasses and appliances are not furnished.

Subscribers to a plan like HIP also receive an invisible, but none the less real, additional benefit. HIP and the Kaiser plan are built around the principle that made the Mayo Clinic famous—group medical practice. HIP operates

through a series of clinics. Each has a balanced staff of specialists and general physicians. One of the latter acts as family doctor to each HIP member. But it's the team that keeps the patient healthy.

HIP is necessarily open only to group subscribers. If individual subscribers were accepted, the rolls would be loaded with chronic ailers, who would bankrupt the plan in no time. Groups must have a minimum of 25 members each and must include at least three-quarters of the employees in the subscribing unit. But those who work in smaller shops and offices can join through a union or trade association.

Medical and surgical-care plans are aimed, in the main, at low and medium-income groups. This is responsible for two common features of such plans. One is a requirement that employers pay part of the premiums (in the case of HIP, half). The other is exclusion of persons whose earnings are above a specified level. Thus HIP is open, with a few exceptions, only to people earning less than \$5,000 a year.

Planning in self-defense

HIP's income ceiling is reasonable. Income limits, however, materially reduce the value of another type of medical and surgical-care plan—the type developed under the aegis of the American Medical Association.

It is well known that the AMA is bitterly hostile to the principle of prepayment for medical care. Nevertheless, the association has had to develop its own medical and surgical-insurance plans. These are now in operation in about half of the 48 states.

The AMA-approved schemes are sponsored by local medical societies, but are actually managed by the local Blue Cross unit. The AMA plans fall into three categories:

1. Surgical—surgery and obstetrical care in a hospital. Typical annual cost on group basis: single person, \$5; family, \$22.
2. Surgical-medical—same as above, plus services of a physician in a hospital. Annual cost on group basis: single person, \$3; family, \$28.
3. General medical care—services of surgeon and physician at home, in the

doctor's office and in a hospital. Annual cost on group basis: single person, \$19; family, \$48.

The AMA plans work in a curiously dual fashion. They provide full prepayment for some people and partial prepayment for others. If your family's annual income is under \$2,500 (or if you are single and your yearly earnings are below \$1,800), the premiums cover the services called for in your plan. If your earnings are above those levels, the doctor charges you the difference between his usual fees and what he is paid by the plan.

Unfair to higher incomes

THE AMA plans can be criticized in many details. The general-care plan, for instance, excludes preventive medicine. Moreover, even the \$1,800 cardholder doesn't get full payment of specialists' fees. He must pay half—and specialists' fees are one of the most burdensome costs of serious illness. The real trouble with the AMA schemes, however, is their dual system of operation.

In nearly all employed groups nowadays there is a sizable proportion of workers whose earnings are over the \$1,800 and \$2,500 limits. A straight cash-payment system—so much for each visit to or by a doctor; so much for each operation—is better adapted to the needs of these. Such insurance can be obtained on a group basis from the commercial insurance companies, often at lower cost than the AMA's.

The reason is this: the companies that write group medical and surgical policies segregate funds for each insured group. Large groups, with low administration costs, get low net rates. So do groups made up largely of men, who are better medical risks than women.

The AMA plans, on the other hand, have fixed rates. These are comparatively high. For the AMA plans not only accept high-cost, high-risk groups, but have an unusually complicated and expensive administrative setup. Consequently, if your group can spend only \$5 to \$20 a year per person for surgical and medical insurance, it will be wise to check the insurance companies before buying AMA. The latter can be recom-

mended only for low-income, high-risk groups.

HIP, the AMA plans and cash-reimbursement policies represent the principal types of surgical and medical insurance open to group subscribers. But getting a good buy is only partly a question of choosing among them. There is another side to the problem: who buys the insurance for the group—union or employer?

As a general rule, it is best to buy health insurance through your union, with your employer making his contribution through the union. Here are the reasons why:

1. Unions can buy simultaneously on behalf of the employees of several firms. Thus the subscribing group is larger and the net rates are lower.

2. Employer-purchased insurance is a protection only as long as you are employed by the firm that bought the insurance. If you leave or are laid off, the insurance stops and you are without insurance while you are out of work—when you can least afford medical bills. Moreover, most group plans have a waiting period for new members; you must wait several months before you are eligible for benefits under your new employer's program. The unions, by contrast, carry their members between jobs.

3. Many medical policies, especially of the cash variety, have a mutual feature. That is, if the insured group experiences less illness than expected, part of the premium is rebated. When the employer signs the insurance contract, he receives the rebate. When the union signs, it and its members do.

No strength without union

THAT brings us to a final question: What about the individual buyer of medical and surgical insurance? As in the case of hospitalization, he has little choice. None of the comprehensive service plans like HIP, or even the AMA general-care plan, admits individuals. A few of the AMA surgical and surgical-medical plans do accept people with low incomes (for whom such plans may be a fairly good buy). But, on the whole, there is nothing that can be recommended to those who must obtain insurance on their own.

During the last several years, a num-

ber of insurance companies, scenting the keen desire of Americans for health coverage, have devised individual policies that include surgical and medical features. In most of these policies, the health features are an adjunct of accident coverage. However, whether or not the medical features are part of a broader policy, they are uneconomical. Individual health coverage costs at least 50 percent more than does group insurance.

Of course, the advertising circulars in your mailbox make individual health insurance look good. Premiums are small and the benefits seemingly large. Last week, for instance, I received an insurance circular that promised me cash for an apparently complete list of services (including hospitalization) for myself and my family, plus compensation for time lost from my job—all for \$49.50 a year. Then I began to read the small type. The policy paid benefits only for medical care at home or in a hospital. Care in a doctor's office (where at least half of all medical services are performed) was excluded. There were other jokers in that policy as well. And there will always be jokers in "low-cost" individual policies.

Mutuality needed

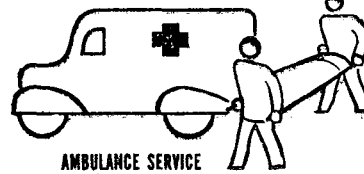
S LET us recapitulate: For groups, the best buy in health insurance is a union-purchased combination of Blue Cross hospitalization and a comprehensive service plan such as HIP.

The next best buy, for all except low-income, high-risk groups, is a union-purchased combination of Blue Cross hospitalization and cash-reimbursement medical and surgical insurance. The latter should have a mutual feature.

For individuals, nothing can be recommended except Blue Cross hospitalization, where that is available to non-group subscribers. In the last analysis, individuals can obtain economical medical coverage only by being banded together in groups. In other words, the tens of millions of Americans who do not fit into employed groups can obtain sound insurance only through a national health-insurance program, such as proposed in the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill.

What A Good Group Health Plan Should Give You

In The Home



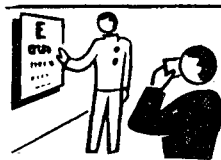
AMBULANCE SERVICE

MEDICAL CARE BY GENERAL PHYSICIAN & SPECIALISTS



VISITING NURSE SERVICE

At The Medical Center



EYE EXAMINATIONS



DIAGNOSTIC & LABORATORY TESTS



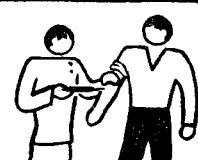
PHYSIOTHERAPY & RADIOTHERAPY



PSYCHIATRIC ADVICE

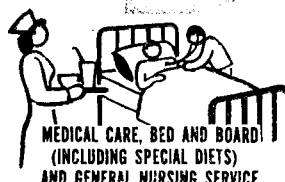


MEDICAL CARE BY GENERAL PHYSICIAN & SPECIALISTS



CHECKUPS & IMMUNIZATION

In The Hospital



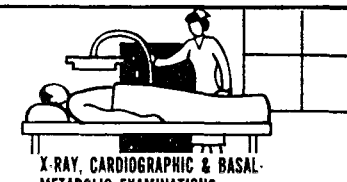
MEDICAL CARE, BED AND BOARD (INCLUDING SPECIAL DIETS) AND GENERAL NURSING SERVICE



SURGICAL CARE, USE OF OPERATING ROOMS AND EQUIPMENT



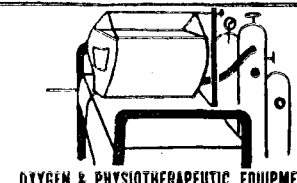
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Journey Through a Peaceful Land

by Martha Gellhorn

The sounds of wars past and perhaps to come echo softly along the great highways that cross the content, untroubled people of America

FOR several weeks now we have been driving through the American Way of Life. For a time, in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, the American Way of Life looked like the tender memories of GI's, homesick songs, politicians' promises and the unattainable dream of all the homeless and hungry of Europe. Between the dogwood and the lilacs and the redbud and the flowering chestnuts, the fields lay combed and sleek, and the clean farmhouses stood inside their screens of old trees. The little towns were lovelier than one remembers American towns can be, faded brick and white wood, the tall, cool trees, and life sleeping there. Perhaps this is the Old World now. These people seemed to believe in peace and to feel safe inside their houses and their habits. It is amazing how permanent a place can look, and how rooted and unchanging the populace, when there are no burned tanks beside the road, no buildings split in half, no fields scooped by shell fire.

We stopped at a tourist camp in Gettysburg, just opposite Pickett's Charge. The man who owned the eight small frame boxes appeared in white overalls

and said, "You'll have to excuse me looking like a workingman. I been fixing things up a little." We accepted this assurance that he was middle-class, the way we are, and the way all Americans seem determined to be. Gettysburg sprouts memorial monuments like cabbages; and throughout this county indestructible markers brief you on every event and personage connected with the War Between the States. This makes one wonder about Americans, who retain such mothering reverence for their own death and destruction. Have the people of Gettysburg any imagination for, let us say, the people of St. Vith, over whose town a nameless battle raged briefly, leaving them without any town at all and no interest in putting up monuments? Or do they imagine that war could ever return to Gettysburg? It seems unlikely: history has given Gettysburg a nice little asset—a small trade in guides and guidebooks.

Everywhere along the perfect highway were places to eat, shining and comfortable, with copious—it seemed to me superb—uniform food. Inside the dapper Howard Johnson restaurants we kept seeing an American phenomenon: middle-aged women traveling in twos, threes and fours. Their maroon, turquoise, green and black sedans waited

outside. Meanwhile they sat, featureless behind their eyeglasses, cement heavy, topped by ornate, microscopic hats, eating with precision and at length. These, no doubt, were some of Philip Wylie's Moms. It is hard to see what wisdom and delight they can bring to their families and their communities, but they appear to be contented, even gay, over their girlish cocktails and their ice cream. The world's fat is badly divided. I think perhaps the American horror of age has prevented all these women from acquiring faces: it is a conspicuous lack. But the ice cream is wonderful and why fret over the American tendency to look incomplete?

After Virginia, the American Way of Life goes largely to pot. Now it is the sandiness and the unvarying pines of North Carolina, and the Negroes. The Negroes look to me like Polish slave labor in Germany, and in the same way seem not to be living anywhere. We came to a place called Rocky Mount, where train tracks bisect the main business street and the gutters are sodden with refuse. After dark, the young take over the streets, racing along before the brilliant shop windows full of claptrap unecessities, hurrying to drink more Coca-Cola. They shout, "Hi, y'all," to each other, and all look alike. The older people visit from front porch to front porch. The radios go on and on. Behind their invisible barbed wire, the Negroes watch, marked by poverty as by disease.

A curious thing happened in this place. In the movie house, during the newsreel, the citizens of Rocky Mount talked cheerfully to each other, filling time until the feature began. A rather stale bit of photography, showing the Arab delegation to the UN, unrolled on the screen. A voice mentioned the Palestine debate and there was a picture of Abba Hillel Silver and some remark about his being the Jewish spokesman. The high-school-age audience groaned, in unison: a strange sound, something mocking, something contemptuous, unplanned, not lasting, but spontaneous.



Martha Gellhorn, who has been a war correspondent in Europe since the great wars started ten years ago, was born in St. Louis, Missouri. Her permanent residence is London and this year she is making her first extended tour in ten years across the USA. This is the first of a series on the American scene for the New Republic.

After that they settled down, lovingly and sweatily intertwined, ate popcorn, and watched the feature with exclamations of delight.

Farther down the Carolina coast at Myrtle Beach we re-found the American Way of Life, walking in handkerchief-size bathing suits, beautiful and slim and healthy, chatting away with passion about things: "I'm gonna get me one of those cute little sunsuits they got in the window at Markey's. . . . That green on the eighth hole is a mess. . . . Did you ever try Sunray? You oughta. It'll keep you from gettin' red like that. . . . I like those new Studebakers. Boy, that's a neat car. . . . Y'all comin' to the movies tonight . . . comin' dancin'?" . . .



Is this people trembling for its safety from foes without and within, as our Public Figures would have us believe? If so, the trembling must be done behind locked doors. I

have yet to hear one of them even mention the news they read over their morning cereal, eggs and bacon, hot cakes with syrup.

During this time there was a trial of lynchers, an escaped lynchee, and several of those mysterious Southern crimes called "attempted rape." In the North, one might have imagined this people with blood-shot eyes and grim mouths, snarling about white honor and keeping the niggers in their place. In Europe, where we always read of these horrors, Europeans would question us

slyly or with disgust about our democracy.

But here, where it was all happening, no one seemed to notice it. Some 200 miles away, a historic trial was fizzling into predetermined failure. It did not cause one voice to raise over the breakfast table (the only time a newspaper was visible), either in protest or approval.

Perhaps some of the Negro servants spoke of it, perhaps they suffered for the man who broke loose, heard the bullet hit the tree alongside him and hid for two days and nights, starving in the woods. They did not speak of it—not where you could hear them, in any case.

But the whites were not hiding their opinions; they simply did not have any. Contented, contented; genial decent people, playing with their children, en-



Black Star

"THE MAIN STREETS SEEM TO HAVE BEEN ORDERED FROM A FIRM THAT MASS-PRODUCES MAIN STREETS"

joying the sun and the sea, wishing evil to no one.

INLAND, after the swamps, and the mud creeks and the starved, dusty fields and the slumping Negro shanties, there is an Army post. A division which I had seen living recklessly, efficiently and with a style all its own in various parts of Europe, now lived on this red-clay and pine plateau in South Carolina, in peeling, white wood barracks, on fiercely geometric streets, with the sun pouring down, and one day following another world without end. Army posts are not places that born civilians can ever quite understand, any more than atheists would feel easy in seminaries or those who are sickened by the smell of ether could adjust to hospital life.

On an Army post all ranks speak of the world beyond their military square miles as "the outside." There is no

fence around them, but the wall is felt either as oppression or protection, depending on taste. Some of the finest young combat officers are still here. They are no more surprised by the American attitude toward its Army than is a doctor who finds people unwilling to pay his bill once they are cured. For the fine ones are dedicated men, not vain, greedy or lazy, as it is popular to believe when their services are no longer essential. And on "the outside," people forget how knowledgeable a man must be to command in a modern army and how ceaselessly he must work to keep that knowledge sharp.

This division acquired much wisdom on the long journey from Sicily to the North Sea. It learned that all people are not like Americans, and are not criminal for being different. The division left roots in Europe and the veterans inquire anxiously whether there is now glass in the windows and coal in the cellars at Nijmegen; have they been able to fix up those smashed villages along the Volturno; has anyone come back to Trois Ponts yet, if there was anything to come back to; and are the people in Leicester, England, getting enough to eat?

All those who truly earned their foreign travel (as opposed to racketeers, slobs and the ones who never had it so good) have this knowledge of suffering and want. You find them everywhere, the traveled Americans, who saw the world from two-and-a-half-ton trucks, in convoy, going from one ruined place to another. It is a tragedy that they are apparently so voiceless. We need their memories, which go something like: "We used to take our rations in to this family in Reims, it was



an old French lady and her husband and their kids, and they'd cook us up a real meal and treat us just like we was at home. . . . I bet they weren't more'n 17, or less, they looked like it anyhow, and these guys walked, I mean walked, from Stalingrad. Looked like they dumped their wounded in some old furniture van and brung 'em along. . . . You'd see those Eyetic women cut between the lines doing their laundry at those old horse troughs. I'll never get over those women out between the lines. . . ." The traveled Americans found that everywhere they could get on with someone. They don't seem to listen much to their elected representatives, nor do they bother with their newspaper, on matters of foreign news and foreign policy: it must be some other Europe than the one they knew, that everyone's bitching about now.

Many veterans left this division at the end of the war, and then, after a short sojourn in the "outside," returned. On the outside they became unskilled labor with no chance to learn skills, uncertain men who believed themselves easily robbed, and their pride was attacked by the feeling that the home folks, bored now with heroes, regarded them as suckers to have wasted their lives fighting in Europe. So they came back and are solemnly appreciative of free medical care for their young wives and new babies, and of four-room houses on the post that rent for \$27.50 a month, and of being treated as if they were specialists in something. They are terribly young, because their branch of the service necessitates jumping from airplanes, and sometimes they even look young. Though the physical difference between a 22-year-old who had two years of combat, and a 22-year-old who didn't, is in itself a fairly complete comment on war.



Black Star

"A LOT OF RELIGION, ONE WAY AND ANOTHER"

Alongside the wise and practical veterans, there are the new soldiers who enlisted after the war, as if joining the Army was a bigger form of Bingo night. The GI Bill of Rights, instead of a full set of china dinnerware, was the lure; and the kids planned to sweat out their 18 months and then go to college free. As one of them said, "I guess college is kind of a fad around now. Shoot, I'm having as much fun in the Army as I would in any old college somewhere."

WE DROVE through places called Old Hundred, Hamlet, Pee Dee. The main streets seem to have been ordered from a firm that mass-produces main streets for small Southern towns and there is nothing charming about the invariable drugstore, movie house, Woolworth's, and the stucco gas stations on the crossroads. On the best streets, there were old or oldish houses, large, white and private behind soft trees. The other houses were dateless and styleless, but everywhere rich in roses and wistaria and clumped about with bright hydrangea bushes. And every street was a cool underwater green, shaded by arching live oaks: the towns are anchored in place by the magnificent trees. The trees remind you that America is not brand-new.

Why should anyone living here be in a flap about John L. Lewis or the German peace treaty? They manufacture their lives locally; they are self-sufficient. It is certain that when an itinerant man of God arrives and speaks darkly of Nineveh, for instance, he is talking about something more immediate and interesting than if Leland Stowe, per-



Drawings by John Groth

haps, arrived and talked about Greece. There is a lot of religion, one way and another, in dignified, pillared Baptist churches and in epileptic gospel meetings, and one must assume that the conditions in heaven and hell are more absorbing, to people who plan to spend time in one or the other, than are conditions beyond the confines of Old Hundred, Hamlet and Pee Dee.

On a dusty street in Monroe, North Carolina, Harrison and Mr. Pete were repairing shabby automobiles. Before this, Harrison repaired airplane motors in Calcutta and Karachi; and Mr. Pete worked for the Navy in those small craft that landed the Army on the coast of North Africa and at Anzio. They bent over their busted automobiles and Mr. Pete said to Harrison, "How's the situation?" "Situation well in hand," Harrison replied. "It is as if they had something wonderful between them, for they are home where they want to be, and Monroe is finer than any place on earth."

THERE is no moral to driving through America. There probably isn't any conclusion. Except the obvious one: America is not what it sounds, Americans are not those people you read about in newspapers and magazines. I know what a disgust America seems to those who read its own report of itself and are too far away to check the facts against the truth. America sounds greedy, righteous and afraid, and full of threatening sounds. We are not loved abroad and I see no reason to expect love, but our exported picture of ourselves is a disaster.

I do not believe that picture any more, though I see it daily, painted in



Monkmeijer Press Photo

"GENIAL PEOPLE . . . WISHING EVIL TO NO ONE"

words by our Public Figures. One day the local papers front-paged the report of the presidential advisory commission, which stated that "weakness is an invitation to extermination," and that war "could come at any time" and that we have only four to ten years' immunity from atomic "sneak attacks" on our cities. To avoid these calamities, we should immediately spend \$1,750 million on defense. (One can imagine how that sounds to those threatening foreigners who are concerned with the fact that hunger is an invitation to extermination.) Alongside that story, these comfortable small-town papers printed the picture of a 14-year-old local girl who won a national spelling bee. People hereabouts, average Americans, were not discussing the commission's picture of a strong, intact, well fed nation loud with fear before the world's poor; they were talking about Mattie Lou's triumph.

Where Do We Go from Here?

by Harold Wolff

This year's college graduates are asking themselves whether a floorwalker's job or a specialist's degree is their best bet

DROUSED with confetti, fondly bussed by proud relatives and garnished with sheepskin, 200,000 college students have just come away from their commencements. They are the largest graduating class in our history. A swing around representative colleges to talk to a cross section of the graduates suggests that they are also the most baffled. Overwhelmingly a war-hardened, veteran class, the men are finding their invasion of America's peacetime economy in some ways a more trying experience than Normandy or a bombing mission over Tokyo.

There are jobs available, to be sure, but the market is spotty except for special kinds of work for special kinds of people. What emerges clearly from a sampling is that the liberal-arts degree is worth very little to its holder even in a supposedly favorable hiring year, while a premium is being placed on more and fancier specialization in narrower and narrower fields. This in turn calls for a longer stay on the campus, and thousands of graduating men and women are torn between the desire to get out and rush for the nearest job and the feeling that, rather than take the risk, they had better add another degree or two to their armamentarium.

"There's nothing for me," says Douglas Cater, one of the student speakers at the Harvard commencement

exercises. His conclusion, "I guess I'm not ready," expresses the mood of many of the men who are digging in for another year or two of education. Like Cater, who is studying Public Administration, some of these men have definite careers in mind. Only before they tackle them, they're going to amass a string of degrees that will make them irresistible. Take Fred Kleeburg, Student Council member and editor of the Columbia senior yearbook. Kleeburg thinks that he might be able to get a job now in publishing, but he's not taking any chances; he will spend the next two years at Carnegie Tech studying the subject. At CCNY, Martin Gross, a married air-corps veteran and one of the editors of the college paper, reports that he can get a job on a small weekly at \$30 per week. That is hardly enough to support him and his wife, so this fall he will probably go, under the GI Bill of Rights, to the Minnesota School of Journalism.

Even men who already hold one graduate degree are busy adding another. A graduate engineer, fearful that the engineering field will soon be overcrowded, is now going to journalism school convinced that this combination will equip him to do scientific writing—a highly specialized field in which he hopes to be able to weather any storm. Young lawyers are particu-

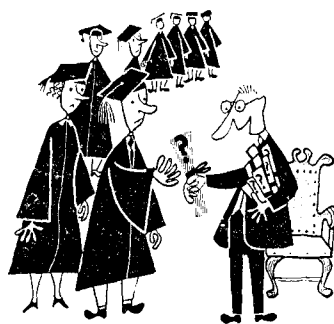
larly worried. Afraid of the glutted field of general law, many are huddling by the academic fireside doing advanced work in labor law, administrative law and other special branches. As for medical-school graduates, they have, of course, been specializing for some time, partly in order to escape the heavy competition of general practice. A visit to Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons last week produced a young doctor who is going on to law school. Someone had told him that forensic medicine is a field with few qualified men and a small but steady demand.

Many other graduates, meanwhile, are putting their sheepskins in mothballs and becoming the most educated assortment of floorwalkers, filling-station attendants and chain-grocery-store assistant managers this country has ever known. Some of them, especially the high-ranking science majors, are as welcome as a movie queen at a fraternity dance. But for top-flight liberal-arts students, the going rate offered by company scouts is \$165 a month, plus \$10 a month for each year of military service. This base is the same as that of a Master Sergeant, and some of these boys were colonels. By former depression standards, they are told, that is good money. But to a 25-year-old married man with children, in the midst of a price boom, it does not look like much. And even these jobs are being offered only to graduates of the Class A colleges and, for the most part, to only the top half of their graduates.

For the mass of graduating students, the situation would be serious even under ordinary circumstances. But this year most of them are veterans—in some schools as many as 92 percent. They are more mature than the Joe College of prewar years.

They are four or five years older. At Harvard, one-third of the students are married, have a total of 1,700 children; at least one vet could bounce four offspring on his knees during the commencement exercises.

A significant sidelight on the job preferences of these men is the fact that



Harold Wolff has written for the New Republic on economics and business affairs, and has contributed to Life, Liberty and Coronet.

only a small number of them want to go into general business, while many are thinking in terms of government service or politics. Twice as many Harvard University graduates of the class of 1939, for instance, went into business as are going from this year's class. Of the outstanding men in the class of '39, five out of seven chose some form of business; but of the top men in the current class, not one has elected a business career.

Hope and trouble

A SPOT check with college employment offices and top-industry talent scouts reveals the hopeful areas, the spotty ones and the trouble spots.

Item: Especially wanted are chemical engineers, at \$4,000 and up, and physicists, at \$350 a month and more; mathematicians can do about as well. Nothing like this in the scientific field has been known since June, 1929. But in advertising, public relations, industrial relations, journalism, opportunity is not knocking. For example, during the thirties any Yale man with a flair for journalism could get at least a nibble from Time, Inc. Currently, the Luce publications are not in a hiring mood. The top editors of big Eastern college papers could always count on an offer or two from a newspaper or one of the wire services. But this year they are being greeted by a so-sorry and the story of how many experienced men the New York *Herald Tribune* let go this spring.

As for government service, while Harvard this spring was graduating twice as many students in Public Administration as ever before, Congress was ruthlessly slashing civil-service jobs and bringing about a large-scale exodus from Washington.

Item: Graduates of the more highly reputed old-line colleges are finding the going much better than men from the less famous smaller colleges or the big state and city schools. Stanford reports a job bonanza. So does Princeton, with 200 talent scouts combing the graduates. At Harvard, John W. Teele, Director of Student Placement, guardedly predicts "no unemployment in store for this year's crop of Harvard graduates."

But across the Charles, at the much less ivied Boston University, with its enrolment of 21,000 students almost triple that of Harvard, the situation is considerably less cheerful. Professor Norman Abbot, Director of Student Placement, expects that on July first 40 percent of those who need jobs will still be without them. "I wish that some of these kids would get even one offer," says Abbot. At City College of New York, with its population of 31,515, the story is about the same.

Item: Many Middle Western colleges, too, are ridden by uncertainty. At Lawrence Institute of Technology in Detroit, students report, "We are interviewing the employers, and not they us." At Toledo University, a small municipal school, Personnel Director Parks has long encouraged liberal-arts students to take up shorthand, typing and bookkeeping on the side: "A male stenographer is worth his weight in gold," he says. The president of the class is a liberal-arts graduate, but is going into accounting. At Ohio State, one of the largest state universities in the country, the job market is fairly good, but—according to Dean William Guthrie—the lower-ranking students are having to go home and work for their fathers.

Item: Significantly, one school that is not crowded is the Ohio State College of Education, one of the largest teaching schools in the country, where Placement Director L. M. Nichols reports the smallest class in years. There only 343 are graduating, as against 543 back in 1940. One reason for the decline is that Ohio schools are offering salaries as low as \$1,750 per year.

Item: Spotty as the general job picture is, this is nevertheless the year in which many corporations are filling key berths. Firms like the New York Telephone Company are recruiting for the first time since 1929. Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane have hired 200 men this year—the first major recruiting operation in Wall Street in

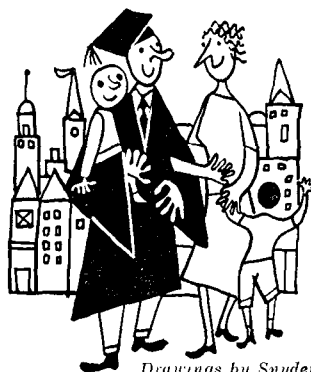
years. Vick Chemical reopened its sales training school and ran two shifts. The same is pretty much the case all along the line, with ardent talent hunts being conducted by firms in need of specially trained men. But this is not normal and will be short-lived. These firms did little if any hiring during the depression years. Then during the war, when they wanted trained men, very few were available. This year there is concerted effort to fill in the gaps. But when the gap-filling is completed, what then?

The problem is further complicated by the quality of the new crop of college graduates. GI Joe, equipped with a B.A. and other diplomas and degrees, is an unprecedented type of American academic product. He and his fellows are a doubly handpicked crew: first the Army and Navy have found them to be physically and mentally fit, and then the colleges selected them for their ability to perform. And there are no ability-to-pay limitations attached.

Educated liaison agent

FOR every polo-playing product of a fashionable prep school there are dozens of William Rydells. Bill is a brawny ex-sailor who is currently studying Slavic Languages and Literature at Harvard. He comes from a poor Polish family in Boston. After finishing Polish parochial grammar school, he went on to a commercial high school for two years. When the family finances made his education an intolerable burden, he joined the CCC. After two years he joined the Navy, where he worked his way up to radioman first class. During his tours of duty he spent hours in the radio shack thumbing a small pocket dictionary to improve his vocabulary. And improve it he did; so much so that when he showed up at Harvard two years ago he amazed everyone with his remarkable ability to handle words.

He startled them even more with his clear idea of what he wanted to do. The United States and Russia, he said, are the two most powerful nations in the world. "There should be some people



Drawings by Snyder

trained to act as agents between them," he thought. And he figured that, as an American with Polish family background, he would be able to do just that. Was Harvard interested? The professors looked at his incomplete high-school record and were frankly doubtful. Would Bill mind taking the regular college-entrance exams? His passing these left no room for doubt. William Rydell may not be typical, but he should give you some idea of the kind of man that the GI Bill is adding to our college population. Both numerically and in terms of quality, these boys are a big order for the country to absorb.

And this problem of absorption will soon be intensified by the fact that in the face of a dwindling job market, the number of college-trained men seeking jobs will be much greater for the next few years than it is this year. For one thing, graduating classes will be bigger. Thanks to a high national income and the GI Bill of Rights, we now have more than two million students in college, which is about twice as many as before the war. And we are far from the peak. By 1950, according to the US Office of Education, there will be 2.5 million students in our colleges, which indicates that we shall have at least 350,000 graduates a year for the next decade.

Glutted future market

FINALLY, there is the fact that of this year's crop of graduates, only a limited number are now in the market for jobs, while, as emphasized above, an extraordinarily high percentage are taking advantage of the GI Bill of Rights and are staying on in school for as long as they can. In a year or two, these super-educated grads will start hitting the market in great numbers and competing for jobs with the swollen classes of ordinary B.A. men. Too much education, some people are saying. However one may look at it, one of the paradoxes of this rush for self-improvement is the fact that broad liberal education is getting lost in the shuffle. For we have now reached a point of specialization and competition at which most students are convinced that the traditional liberal-arts diploma is no longer a negotiable instrument with a cash value.



Books in Review



Under the El

THE STORY OF MRS. MURPHY, by Natalie Anderson Scott (E. P. Dutton and Company; \$3).

MOON GAFFNEY, by Harry Sylvester (Henry Holt and Company; \$2.75).

ALTHOUGH these two novels have several traits in common, it may be dangerously misleading to say so. Both are the work of oncoming new novelists; both deal in rueful fashion with the spiritual decline of the Irish in America, have weak central characters with an abiding interest in alcohol, offer a detailed study of their heroes' collapse, and are essentially bitter in tone. Both are also concerned with what amounts virtually to a monomania, but it is here that one difference lies which makes a comparison between them so capable of misinterpretation. The passion in *The Story of Mrs. Murphy* is for the forgetfulness of strong drink; in *Moon Gaffney* it is for the affirmation of religion. Both novels are black, brooding, unhappy and arresting, and the former is as thoroughgoing in its despair as the latter is in its dogged hopefulness.

The sordid and unrelenting horror of Natalie Anderson Scott's *The Story of Mrs. Murphy* is certain to be more popular than the tortured spiritual quest of Harry Sylvester's *Moon Gaffney*, and there is no evading the fact that as a work of fiction it is more successful. As a detailed and realistic study of the ravages of acute alcoholism, it has an inescapable fascination of a serpentine kind, and its power is not destroyed by its somewhat tardy appearance in the parade of novels dealing with the well known evils of drink. It sets out to achieve a frightening and convincing case history of a man whose only true love was the bottle—and it is the bottle rather than any of the doting women who worship Jimmy Murphy that is the "Mrs. Murphy" of the title—and is undeniably impressive in doing so. On the other hand, the

author of *Moon Gaffney* is by no means equally skillful in transforming his earnest conviction about Irish American Catholicism's betrayal of the Church's great tradition into proper fictional terms. Yet in the end the passionate integrity of Sylvester supplies a quality which the far more showy gifts of Miss Scott do not provide—that of austere emotional fervor.

THE modern literature of drunkenness has certainly been growing with what might be described as reels and staggers. Possibly it may suggest something or other about the comparative maturity, decadence or tolerance of the novel and the drama that, while fiction has been looking on alcohol with alarm in such works as *The Lost Weekend*, *Under the Volcano* and now *Mrs. Murphy*, the stage has been regarding it with considerable friendliness in "The Iceman Cometh," "Harvey" and "Happy Birthday." Although *The Story of Mrs. Murphy* is sternly in the tradition of the anti-liquor tract, it has something in common with O'Neill's more tolerant "Iceman" in two respects. The first is the manner in which both portray the advanced alcoholic as a member of a species and a brotherhood apart from the rest of mankind. The other is the way in which they attempt to suggest, by implication alone, that the weaknesses of the alcoholic symbolize, in an eerie, distorted, almost Dr. Caligari-like fashion, the weaknesses of modern society. At least, I believe that this is one of the things Miss Scott wants to say, although she is not clear about it and is assuredly less striking in this respect than was O'Neill in his strangely neglected dramatic masterpiece.

Miss Scott's novel differs from the other recent novels on the same general subject in that her central character is not, thank heaven, an intellectual, but a far from introspective member of a lower-middle-class family. Her Jimmy Murphy is a handsome, charming, gay

and generally popular young Irish American, worshiped by his family and irresistible to women, who is cursed with a fatal weakness of will. By the piling up of realistic detail, the devoted family, the three girls who love him and the steady disintegration of Jimmy Murphy are made convincing and dramatically absorbing. But in one phase of her characterization I cannot help thinking that the author has failed. And she has failed, rather curiously, because, like all the women in her story, she seems to have fallen in love with her perverse, weak-willed, selfish young Irishman. He is, she keeps saying, a charming and lovable fellow, and it is presumably part of his tragedy that the longing for drink should turn one so endowed with sweetness and generosity into such a monster of cruelty, selfishness and depravity. Despite the clarity with which she sets down the moral, physical and mental collapse of Jimmy Murphy, she seems to have been so smitten by his charm that she takes it for granted that the reader will see it as she does. The trouble is that we have to take this charm and innate goodness of heart on faith. Unable to do so on the evidence she offers, I could not help finding him as selfish and unpleasant before his downfall as during and after it.

It is only fair to Miss Scott to add that only in her eager acceptance of her weakling hero's beauty and charm does anything appear unbelievable about the manner in which a male drunk is studied, dissected and analyzed by a woman. Everything else that she has to tell us, including the unsensational handling of the matter of abnormal sex in the prison where Jimmy does time and the final scenes of his complete destruction as a human being, has the ring of understanding. Another virtue is that, although her material is sensational, sordid and so disagreeable that "unpleasant" becomes a euphemism, there is never any suggestion that the author is striving for sensationalism. She is neither reticent nor unnecessarily rough in what she has to say, and the novel is unquestionably a sincere and artistically earnest effort to study a great social evil with rigorous compas-

sion. I cannot see it as the American equivalent of Dostoevsky, as some of its advance enthusiasts have called it, although there is a frequent trace of Gerky to be found, but it is a realistic novel of power and credibility.

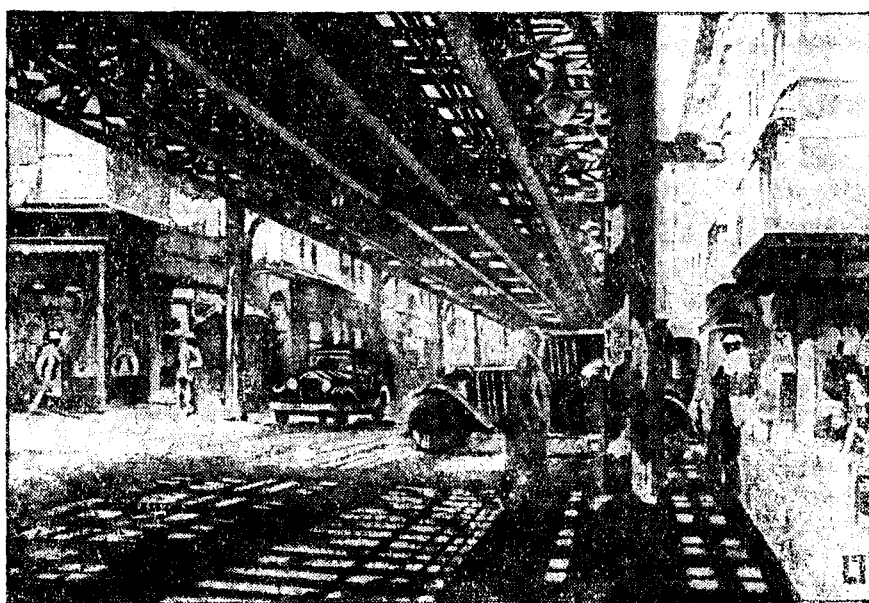
ADVANCE reports about *Moon Gaffney* had suggested that it was a political novel dealing with a young man's revolt against the Tammany machine. In a superficial way it is, but essentially it is something considerably more interesting.

It is the account in fictional form of the very real unhappiness of a genuinely devout Catholic author over the political, social and moral backwardness, the bigotry and generally reactionary outlook, and the lack of genuine Christian piety which he finds so prevalent among the clergy and laity of his Church in New York City. It is by no means an anti-religious or an anti-Catholic work. On the contrary, it is a deeply religious novel by a deeply religious author, who has such a profound love of the Catholic Church and its precepts that he looks with flaming moral indignation on those who he feels are disgracing them. It was a bold novel to write, because the forces he assails, wrapping themselves in the mantle of authority and power, are certain to accuse him of treachery, communism and giving aid and comfort to the enemy. But it is clear that the author recognized

his peril and faced it eagerly, for in his book there is the joy of a crusader for the faith.

Not only as a Catholic, but as a Catholic of Irish descent, Sylvester has a theory about clerical obscurantism which he sets forth in the course of his novel. He suspects that, when the Catholics of Ireland were being persecuted for their faith and the French clergy were bringing prohibited instruction to them, Jansenism, which mixed a narrow puritanism with its Catholicism, also came to them from France. This, he feels, is why the Church in Ireland and—when the Irish came here, the United States—has a strain of puritanical pettiness mingled with the grandeur of its true tradition that has almost strangled it, and has substituted prudery for charity and politics for good works. He sees it as a betrayal of all that has made the Catholic Church great that such intolerance, selfishness, race hate, time-serving, toadying to the rich, political corruption, ignorance and lack of spiritual worth should exist in high places. Above all, he wants to see the Church stand once more on the side of human progress rather than in the vanguard of American reaction.

Despite his gloomy picture of the state of the Church in New York and of the Irish Americans who are its backbone, he is a firm believer in a coming renaissance of its spirit, for "St. Augustine says God uses even sins to work in



Louis Lozowick

Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

time his good." He finds hopeful evidence in many of the young priests, in the fervent men and women of the *Catholic Worker*, in an occasional Catholic intellectual or journalist. His indictment and his faith are set down in the story of a heedless young Tammany henchman whose political career is wrecked when he stands up against the abuses of his faith. It is an incomplete novel but a passionate and arresting religious document.

Both Sylvester and Miss Scott are novelists whose next work will be looked forward to, but despite the greater success of *Mrs. Murphy*, there is a quality of thought and emotion in *Moon Gaffney* that make its author the one to be watched with greater attention.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

Across the Board

CAPABLANCA'S HUNDRED BEST GAMES OF CHESS, selected and annotated by H. Golombek, with a memoir by J. du Mont (Harcourt, Brace; \$4).

THERE is an opinion, widely held, that chess is a cold-blooded, precise, mathematical activity engaged in by those with altogether peculiar ideas about relaxation and amusement. Parallel to this opinion is the belief that mathematicians are good chess players (and vice versa); that the strategy and tactics of military operations find miniature expression on the chessboard; that chess is a game of remorseless logic, in a sense a game exemplifying the higher ethic wherein the true and right ideas always come to ultimate triumph.

As a long-time chess addict, and as one who has repeatedly been trampled on by opponents who would have misgivings extracting the square root of four and are noted neither as military experts nor as logicians, I am bound to report that these opinions are vulgar errors without foundation in fact. Chess, as G. H. Hardy once remarked, is a game primarily psychological and primarily a conflict. It is replete with traps, ruses, doublecrosses and stratagems. The right idea is apt to fare no better on a chessboard than it does elsewhere.

The late Emanuel Lasker, for many

years chess champion of the world and considered the greatest of all fighting players, often deliberately drifted into an inferior position in the early stages of a game in order to tempt his opponent to a premature whirlwind attack which would end in disaster. The annotations appended to collections of chess games reveal how decisively tension and other emotions affect the course of chess games. Here are a few chosen at random: "Black yields to intolerable pressure"; "The white queen is uncomfortable on this square"; "Black is demoralized by White's last move"; "White's last move was sheer despair!"

For one who does not play chess it may be surprising to learn that a wide range of intense emotions can be evoked by pushing about a handful of small wooden dummies. But the fact is all too clear to the chess player: whatever else his philosophy, when he turns his mind to the board he becomes an animal pure and simple; the pieces live and become the envoys of his aggressions, fears, ambitions and doubts, as well as the executors of his plans. This holds equally for amateurs and professionals, even for learned theoreticians who take the game in deadly scientific earnest.



The book here reviewed is a collection of the 100 best games of the late Jose Raoul Capablanca, one of the great players of chess history, who became world's champion in 1921 when he defeated Lasker, and in turn lost his crown to Alekhine in their match at Buenos Aires in 1927.

Like Morphy and Reshevsky, Capablanca was a chess prodigy. He learned to lisp in chess moves and at the age of 12 he won the championship of Cuba. In 1909, when he was 21, he crushed the American champion, Marshall, by a score of eight to one. At 33 he was world's champion; at 39 he was deposed. Partly because of a bitter feud with Alekhine, partly for other reasons, he never got a chance at a return match for the world's championship. In March, 1942, he died of a heart attack which seized him while he was watching a game at the Manhattan

Chess Club in New York. It was a comparatively short span of activity but into it Capablanca crowded a distinguished record and many games of surpassing charm and beauty.

"The games of Capablanca," writes the editor of this volume, H. Golombek, chess correspondent of the *London Times*, "are pervaded by a general feeling quite different from those of other great players. They breathe a serenity, a lucid crystal clarity, a type of model perfection present in no other master." The paradox is that in these words of unstinted praise are revealed, unconsciously perhaps, the limitations of Capablanca's style as well as its virtues. Having learned chess as a little boy, Capablanca quite literally spoke chess. Not that his conversation and thoughts were colored by chess jargon; Capablanca was a man of considerable charm, well educated and well informed; he served ably for many years, while pursuing his chess career, as a sort of roving diplomat for the Cuban Foreign Office. But at the chess table ideas came to him with much less effort than to other masters precisely because chess was an idiom picked up so early that he could utter it with the same naturalness as he could speak or walk or hold a glass.

In his own book, *My Chess Career*, Capablanca tells how he learned the game. It is as wonderful and inexplicable as the stories of other child geniuses:

I was not yet five years old when by accident I came into my father's private office and found him playing with another gentleman. I had never seen the game of chess before; the pieces interested me, and I went the next day to see them play again. The third day, as I looked on, my father, a very poor beginner, moved a knight from a white square to another white square. His opponent, apparently not a better player, did not notice it. My father won, and I proceeded to call him a cheat and to laugh. After a little wrangling, during which I was nearly put out of the room, I showed my father what he had done. He asked me how and what I knew about chess. I answered that I could beat him; he said that was impossible, considering that I could not even set the pieces correctly. We tried conclusions, and I won. That was my beginning.

When Capablanca sat at the chess-

board, I well remember thinking that he looked as if he belonged just there and that even his way of moving the pieces, like a signature, resembled no one's else. It would be absurd, of course, to conclude that he played without effort. Chess is a hard game, as Oscar Tenner, the celebrated professional of the Manhattan Chess Club, dryly informs a player whenever he complains he has lost games he should have won.

BUT it was easier for Capablanca than for others, and in time, as some think, this easy superiority was his undoing. With him superlative technique became, after maturity, a substitute for study, analysis and fresh ideas. Max Euwe, the Dutch player who for a brief period was champion of the world, after defeating Alekhine in their first match, once wrote that "the essence of Capablanca's greatness is his rare talent for avoiding all that can complicate or confuse the conflict. . . . In the attainment of positions which suit his style, or rather temperament, he exhibits almost mystical insight; as soon as the least cloud appears on the horizon, he alters his course so as to remain in clear water. He follows the sun, likes an easy life, is not sparing of offers to agree to a draw. . . . He can be regarded as the great master of simplification. The art of resolving the tension at the critical moment and in the most efficacious way so as to clarify the position as desired is Capablanca's own."

The insight into Capablanca's personality afforded by this description of his chess games is remarkable. It reveals the prodigy who from childhood enjoyed the awe and adulation of adults; the boy who could learn to do things



quicker and better than anyone else and never needed to grind in order to master his subject; the man who knew he was good, perhaps invincible, and never needed to keep up with the recent developments of his art; the "natural" who was finally defeated by an "intellectual," Alekhine, who spent his genius uncovering unpleasant intricacies and complexities of the game undreamed of in Capa-

blanca's "classic" and "pure" conception.

In *My Chess Career*, which appeared in 1920, a year before he won the world's championship, Capablanca disclosed the tremendous self-possession of his early years. "There have been times in my life," he wrote, "when I came very near thinking that I could not lose even a single game. Then I would be beaten, and the lost game would bring me back from dreamland to earth. Nothing is so healthy as a thrashing at the proper time. . . . Of course, I would not like to be beaten at a critical moment, but, otherwise, I hope that I may at odd times in the future lose a few more games, if thereby I derive as much benefit as I have obtained from defeats in the past." In this passage and in the record of his games one may find the best biography of his personality.

What Capablanca never realized was that while chess, almost like science, had grown up in the last 50 years, he had not grown with it. Once, the physical world seemed to be of harmonious design, regular, symmetric, predictable. Now we see it full of discordances—irregular, untidy, unpredictable. In the trifling discipline of chess a similar transformation has taken place, reflect-



ing, to be sure, not a change in the physical objects themselves but a natural development of the theories of chess and the ideas *about* chess, psychologically and analytically. (Ironically enough, Capablanca in the twenties wrote articles for the *New York Times* asserting that the game of chess was "played out," had become too simple, and recommended that the board be enlarged by 16 squares.)

"Let us depart from science," Capablanca once wrote, somewhat pathetically, to the editor of a Soviet chess magazine. "Chess can never reach its height by following in the path of science. . . . Let us, therefore, make a new effort and with the help of our imagination turn the struggle of technique into a battle of ideas." It was a confused but revealing cry. Apparently Capablanca did not see that abandoning "technique" meant abandoning the

main ingredient of his virtuosity. Of ideas he had many; the development of analytic powers he neglected; the sense of struggle and of chess as conflict was almost unknown to him. Comparing Capablanca with Emanuel Lasker, Mieses, the eminent critic, once remarked, "Lasker's style is clear water but with a drop of poison which is clouding it. Capablanca's style is perhaps still clearer, but it lacks that drop of poison."

The games in this volume make a representative lot. Many have appeared in other books, particularly in *The Immortal Games of Capablanca*, by Fred Reinfeld. Golombek's annotations are uninspired but thorough. The book has one inexcusable defect: it practically fissions with errors in the text and diagrams—all due, I am sure, to sloppy proofreading. Since the buyer is asked to pay \$4 for a partly warmed-over collection of non-copyrighted material, I suggest he has a right to balk.

JAMES R. NEWMAN

Fiction Parade

THE MOONLIGHT, by Joyce Cary (Harper and Brothers; \$3).

THE FIRST BORN, by Georges Simenon (Reynal and Hitchcock; \$2.75).

THE MOONLIGHT" is a story of three generations of an English family. In 1880, John Venn occupies his time as befits a cultivated gentleman of means, and entertains at his country house the Victorians of minor literary and poetical eminence. In the recent present, his grandchildren make off with the choicest furniture and sell the house at auction. The interval is the period of Joyce Cary's book, and in its 309 pages he accounts for a family and an era more comprehensively and intelligently than many writers have done in "sagas" or series of novels.

The theme of family history is one of the more acceptable of the recurring formulas of contemporary fiction. In times of great change, such as our own, the imagination has always been fascinated by the past; in our age this seems to be the recent past. On the one hand, after such sudden social and economic disruption, the life of our immediate forebears seems as remote as



Punch, 1875

N. Y. Public Library Picture Collection

"Victorian society, as the apotheosis of family life, was a matriarchy"

that of the Minoans; on the other, it is a past relatively accessible. Many people at some time in their lives have known a house that was a hodgepodge museum of this history, full of relics and manuscripts: furniture, photographs, trunks of clothes, diaries of long-forgotten cousins and the love letters of a grandfather. In an age obsessed with the theories of psychoanalysis and the structure of the personality, one's parents become almost as interesting as oneself.

Cary's characters exist solidly within the context of their own world, and act from motives consonant with the intellectual and moral atmosphere of their time. To recreate this world and demonstrate dramatically its spirit demanded a thorough documentation and a recognition of the significance of the evidence.

THE conclusion which Cary's story demonstrates is that Victorian society, as the apotheosis of family life, was a matriarchy. The history of the Venn family is the history of its women. The men, though they may be witty and decorative, and even successful and famous, are drones, imprisoned first by their wives and later by their daughters. The women pay them an ostensible deference. From the platitudinous twilight of the Protestant tradition, they accept the precepts of duty and uplift.

From the poets and the scientists they welcome the sentiment "which contemplated nature itself as the grave and splendid cathedral of ideal devotion." But their interpretation of these concepts "was not in fact sentimental, but violent, bitter, tragic." The ritual of this "ideal devotion" they understand to be the ritual of the barnyard, and of this cult the "sensual victim and machine" is priestess and sacrifice.

The purpose of these Amazons was prompted by blind urge and sanctioned by social impeccability. In a subjected position, without "rights," all their intelligence and passions were dedicated to control, sometimes by a necessary impersonal cruelty, a domestic order that demanded marriage and children. Deriving from this is an obsession with property: land, investments, entailment, wills. (Their "mind turned a great deal on beds . . . on marriage beds and death beds.") There was no question of happiness; in the grimmest sense "a woman's life . . . is terribly, terribly serious." For the most part they were lonely, because they sacrificed other people and personal relations as readily as they sacrificed themselves.

But their descendants are even lonelier, because, as the individual has superseded the clan, they sacrifice everything to themselves, and there can be no companionship among the gods. A young woman of the family, in a des-

perate, atavistic experiment, conceives a child by a neighboring farmer, but loses her nerve and jilts her lover. A young man casually separates from his wife, is as listlessly reconciled to her three times within the book, and concludes that the only way to face up to life is to "put yourself in a predicament." This is a ludicrous approximation of the practical wisdom of his forefathers: "To take what nature sends and make the best of it. Even to invite what nature sends." But by this time the house is up for sale, the auctioneers are tearing the rooms to pieces, and to one old survivor, "Everything was growing dirtier and more senseless, more squalid every day; history itself seemed to be bleeding slowly to death."

GEORGES SIMENON had published about 200 novels under 16 pseudonyms before he was 20 years old. Perhaps that awful discipline explains how from a few clichés he has built such a skillful novel as *The First-Born*. It is the performance of a professional entertainer who will give his audience its money's worth, but isn't going to part with more tricks than he has to.

A ruthless and eccentric millionaire who has made his pile exploiting the natives of the Congo takes as his secretary a young enthusiast who hopes to learn his employer's secret of success. The secret is merely the old formula of rising above the law by overstepping it, but as the young man mistakes his brash nerve for genius, he employs the formula only to arrive at moral wreckage.

The narrative keeps strictly to the disintegration of the young man, which proceeds without a hitch and without the assistance of any tear-jerking from the author or fortuitous sympathy from the reader. From the latter, in fact, nothing more is required than his attention, while the author, escaping the responsibility of moral nursemaid, gets on with his entertainment. These are negative virtues, but they maintain a sense of proportion in a light fiction, and if they were more generally shared by practitioners of the genre we might often be spared the boredom and embarrassment of the usual evangelical tract of mass day dream.

JOHN FARRELLY



Radio

*The UN Takes to the Air*

ONE of the richest sources of powerful radio dramatics and colorful documentaries lies literally under the noses of our great networks, almost untouched. Were the headquarters of the United Nations in Melbourne, Moscow or Johannesburg, one could imagine what keen competition there would be among the American networks. They would knock themselves out with remote pickups, fancy displays of technical proficiency and at least occasional fancier showmanship.

A few stations around the country have taken up the slack. Among the coast-to-coast networks, NBC has done a fair job, and is preparing to do more; but for ABC, CBS and Mutual, the UN hardly exists. Of course, as far as all four networks are concerned, there is still the pain suffered in the Battle of Aprons. That was a war fought in the wilds of The Bronx, two years ago, when the UN Security Council first migrated to the uptown campus of Hunter College. I'll come back to that presently. Right now, let's look at how radio exploits its potential at the UN.

Facilities for broadcasters, both at Flushing and at Lake Success, are excellent. Each network, and every radio station that can use one, has a booth overlooking each of the meeting chambers, with an unobstructed view of the tables where delegates, interpreters and other aides are seated. At those tables are microphones from which lines lead into the broadcasters' booths. The broadcaster could pick up the voices direct from the delegates' tables, or from the interpreters. Or he could listen to what's going on and relay to his own listeners what he sees and hears. There are also radio studios where delegates and other bigwigs can be interviewed or "produced" dramatically, and there are facilities for recordings.

In the first flush of excitement about the UN, nearly every non-network radio station in New York (there are 12 of these) and each of the network

key stations wanted a booth all for itself. Then booths had to be set aside for the US State Department, for the BBC, for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation; and it was conceivable that some non-network station west of the Hudson might be entitled to space. Then there was the matter of the Aprons.

Aprons are cloth or metal pennants decorating microphones, booths or tables where the broadcasters do their

work. Aprons, which proclaim the fact that here works Station A or Network Z, may not be significant to posterity, but they carry a lot of weight with publicity departments. And the UN Secretariat had, at the very outset, decreed: no aprons.

For a while, there was hell to pay, but the ruling stood, and US radio had one more excuse for being sore. It griped about booths, squawked about space, kicked the traces about lines and feeds, and in general acted annoyed.

HOWEVER, a few broadcasters have done an outstanding job. New

"WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN ROYALTY CHECKS"

—NEW YORK TIMES

**Some Observations on
THE ART OF NARRATIVE****A book for writers by PHYLLIS BENTLEY**

This book should shorten *by years* the apprenticeship of the aspiring novelist, for it represents the essential wisdom of a lifetime of reading and reflection by a successful author. Written by the distinguished novelist Phyllis Bentley (author of *Inheritance*, *The Rise of Henry Morcar*, etc.), it is a "must" for all who write or want to write novels.

**THREE ELEMENTS
OF NARRATIVE**

Many aspiring writers have imagination and a story to tell. It is in the technical skill of *story-telling* that they fail. It is exactly in explaining this technique that Miss Bentley's book excels. Breaking the novel down into its component parts—*description*, *scene*, and *summary*—she tells how and where each should be used.

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REVIEWERS' OPINIONS

"Should be worth their weight in royalty checks to the tyro who will explore them fully."—*New York Times*

"Probably every teacher of 'creative writing' in the country will, as he should, recommend to his students the reading of these 'observations'."—*Christian Century*

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York's municipal station, WNYC, has, from the first, broadcast the proceedings of all major UN organs, and heavy listener mail is evidence of the popularity of the service. Of course, this station, being non-commercial, can afford such luxury. WMCA, another of New York's independent stations, did an excellent job at the beginning—until the baseball season set in. WLIB and WQXR in New York, and NBC's New York outlet, WNBC, were close behind.

OUT of town, a few stations carried much UN material. One of these was WFIL, in Philadelphia. Another was KFWB, Hollywood. This station is still doing the best UN job of any of those outside New York City. Harry Maizlish, general manager of KFWB, has managed to make the UN part of widespread community activities. Since the telephone-line charges alone from New York to Hollywood are considerable (for a time, KFWB had a UN phone bill of \$1,000 a month), Maizlish deserves a good deal of credit.

Other stations have done their best: among them, WHCU, Ithaca; WLW, Cincinnati; WBZ, Boston; WJR, Detroit; KSAN, San Francisco; and KUOA, Siloam Springs, Arkansas. This last is far from a gag. The small station in Siloam Springs could not afford the kind of line charges piled up by Maizlish in Hollywood or by the Crosley Broadcasting Corporation in Cincinnati. All it could afford was to send one man to Lake Success for a week, to do some observing and make some recordings. When this man, Storm Whaley, the station's manager, returned home, he played his recordings and went on the air himself to tell his listeners what he had seen and heard at Lake Success. Then he went barnstorming among the adjacent counties, lecturing about the UN. In its small way, Siloam Springs has done at least as much as NBC.

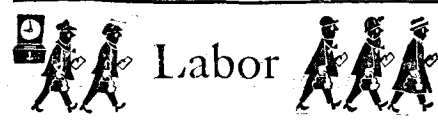
For, newswise, or as far as special events direct from the UN are concerned, NBC has not much of a showing. But NBC has done another kind of job, and it has done that very well. Under Sterling Fisher, director of its "University of the Air," NBC put on an impressive show last October when

the General Assembly held its first meeting at Flushing. This fall, NBC will have a lot more doings under the heading of "United Nations Week."

Meanwhile, the network has started a series of 13 weekly dramatizations, Wednesdays at 11:30 p. m., entitled "Your United Nations." The fact that the US State Department is providing material for the series could lead one to suspect that the program may plug the Truman Doctrine. But perhaps it won't, since one of the people scheduled to be on the show every Wednesday night is an official of the UN, Andrew W. Cordier, executive assistant to the Secretary-General. The series started June 18, and goes through September 10.

THE \$64 question regarding "Take It or Leave It" concerns the emcee. Phil Baker has quit; Phil Baker hasn't quit; Red Barber is taking his place; Red Barber isn't—all these have been reported. But the fact that the show shifts networks is definite. Same day (Sunday) same time (10 p. m.) and same sponsor (Eversharp); but NBC instead of CBS, beginning August 3. . . . To the same net, also, in September, goes Frank Sinatra. He returns to Lucky Strike's "Your Hit Parade" Saturday nights at 9. . . . But weep not for CBS, which has lost both *The Voice* and the show that has made the \$64 question a part of our language. Campbell Soups, in one of the biggest deals of the kind ever, has bought \$5 million worth of time on CBS, purchasing two "strips" Mondays through Fridays, 3:30-4 in the afternoon and 7:30-8 evenings. "Double or Nothing" will occupy the afternoon time. Two Bobs, Trout and Crosby, will share the evening half-hour. Trout will bring news 7:45-8. Crosby will play music, with Margaret Whiting helping him on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Patti Clayton on the two remaining stanzas. . . . Mutual's "Opinion-Aire" (Wednesdays, 10-10:30 p. m.), which combines the forum technique with public-opinion polling, will tackle "Do You Believe in the Truman Doctrine?" the night of July 2. If your city is one of the four being polled (the names of the towns are not announced until show time), you might be on the alert to vote.

SAUL CARSON



New Union Tides

DURING the labor controversies since V-J Day, observers have sometimes been confused by an obvious divergence in operations of the CIO and the AFL and even between groups and leaders within the CIO. Walter Reuther, president of the United Automobile Workers, has persistently argued that wage increases could be paid by the automobile companies without any increase in prices. Philip Murray, president of the CIO and the United Steelworkers, has carefully avoided any public challenge to the steel companies' price policies; he has been interested in old-fashioned wage rises.

Yet Reuther's preoccupation with the price question is not unprecedented in American industrial relations. An old-line AFL craft union, the photo-engravers, helped "rationalize" the photo-engraving industry when that industry was completely disrupted by throat-slicing price competition. David Dubinsky's AFL International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union plays a major role in "policing" the garment trades; the "policing" is particularly effective because the union is more powerful than the great majority of individual small employers and has sometimes lent money to keep such employers afloat.

Reuther's contribution was to place discussion of the automobile industry's price structure in a broader context. The photo-engravers and the ILGWU are



concerned principally with safeguarding or building up the capacity of employers to pay living wages to union members. Reuther wanted prices held down in the general public interest. He was championing the economically sound theory that the industry should seek earnings by small unit profits on large volume rather than high unit profits on relatively small volume.

The blunt and prompt reply by General Motors that prices and production policies were the "exclusive prerogative" of management suggested a certain apprehension about Reuther's novel concept of a union's proper function. Actually this concept was a logical extension of a developing maturity in unions. From the public standpoint, unions with a broad approach, rather than a narrow one, should be welcomed.

THE labor movement has steadily increased its employment of skilled technicians—researchers, economists, consumers' analysts. When a big CIO union enters contract negotiations today, its spokesmen are likely to be armed with voluminous economic reports from Robert R. Nathan—who is certainly as well equipped for the job as Ralph Robey, the NAM's aide. Donald Montgomery, on the UAW payroll as a consumers' analyst, prepared elaborate studies of automobile-company profits in anticipation of wage negotiations this year.

Management and unions together increasingly recognize that many grievances and much ill will can be eliminated by accurate analysis of job content—the precise duties and functions of individual employees—so as to correct what are generally termed "inequities." Joint technical studies of jobs in relation to wage scales are becoming more frequent; the unions and managements in such cases have useful source material in a "dictionary" of jobs prepared by the US Employment Service.

Dubinsky's ILGWU is a notable example of a union that offers cultural and educational advantages to its members as well as collective bargaining for wage scales. Both AFL and CIO unions have cooperated wholeheartedly in university schools and seminars in industrial relations all over the country.

It is safe to predict that the welfare-fund idea, publicized by John L. Lewis' demand for tonnage royalties from the coal-mine operators, will spread throughout the union movement. In the Taft-Hartley bill, Congress tried to impose restrictions on the administration and use of such funds, but a minority of the Senate Labor Committee persuasively pointed out that privately operated social security, as a supplement to public social security, should be given wide scope for experimental purposes.

IS THE Reuther doctrine—that workers should have a voice in price and production policies—dangerous and revolutionary? If so, then why does everybody recognize that the policy of the AFL building trades, in constantly forcing up hourly wage scales, is shortsighted and self-defeating? The result is to raise unit costs of construction and make it harder for the ordinary family to build or buy a house. Any curbstone expert in labor relations can argue that workers, contractors and the general

public would be better off if the building-trades unions could be satisfied with lower hourly scales and higher steady employment.

Enlightened building-trades leaders themselves recognize it, though they have not been able to invent a practical system for an annual wage. But we cannot have it both ways; if steady employment, at lower wage scales with a minimum decent yearly income, is economically desirable for the construction industry, then it is also desirable for other industries. If we expect the building-trades unions to think beyond their noses in terms of the general welfare—lower unit construction costs—other unions will have to begin thinking in similar terms.

There are new tides running in the union movement. Time will pass before they reach their full force, but they deserve intelligent and serious analysis instead of the somewhat frenetic denunciation which normally greets each fresh incident revealing the existence of broadening ideas.

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SMITH UNBOUND



Farm



Escape from the City

SOME people, like Lennie in Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, are dreaming of getting a little place all their own—if not with rabbits, with a few chickens and an acre or two of ground. A lot of these people not only love the country or the idea of moving there; they hate the city.

Last year Louis Bromfield and others who think cities are bad places to live in and that a good life is possible only on the land, got out a book, *Cities Are Abnormal*, in which they listed all the things they thought were wrong with cities. These writers claim that cities are not only bad for children (so bad that the nation has to depend largely on rural areas for its population increase) but for adults as well. They believe that cities, if not abolished altogether, should be made smaller.

Unfortunately some of the people who run down city life get so hopped up at the idea of going back to nature that they want to turn back the hands of time, do away with mass production and live in a subsistence economy. Such a person is Ralph Borsodi, whose book, originally published in 1933, has recently come out in a new edition. *Flight from the City* tells the story of Mr. and Mrs. Borsodi's successful experiment with part-time farming as a device for raising the standard of living attainable from a given outside income. Borsodi doesn't believe that anything should be sold at all. He is all for small enterprise (he even weaves cloth and makes his own clothes) and says that mass production and distribution are inefficient. He says food produced in great quantities is adulterated, loses its flavor because it is hauled around and kept in cold storage and grocery stores. He is even against machine production of flour, preferring to grow his own grain and grind it in his own mill. He is also against pasteurized milk; says it's a crime against the human stomach.

These are the most extreme of Bor-

sodi's ideas. He does use machinery and he advocates the use of electricity. I go along with him on raising vegetables and keeping a few chickens, but I believe a lot of things, such as flour or bread, should be purchased at the store. I don't think I'd want to make my own clothes either. It seems to me that mass production is vastly more efficient.

One must give the Borsodis credit, though. They live very well and buy practically nothing but salt and pepper. But one thing Borsodi seems to overlook is that he and his wife are more ingenious and skillful than the typical couple. Not everyone can make a suit of clothes, build a house and operate a subsistence farm so efficiently.

A MORE practical book is *Successful Part-Time Farming*, by Haydn S. Pearson, who has been writing and farming for years. Pearson is a successful part-time farmer and has a lot of good ideas. He believes that if a person with a full-time job can get a month or two off in the summer he can make from \$500 to \$1,000 and at the same time cut his grocery bill in half. He figures that a good garden should be worth about \$500.

I do not think this figure is too high at present prices, and especially if a couple of hundred quarts of fruits and vegetables are put into jars. I tried part-time farming for several years during the war on a six-months basis, closing the farm up in winter and moving to the city. I raised vegetables, fruits, pigs and chickens, merely for my family's own use. The high cost of feed did not make the pigs a paying proposition. I found that I could have bought dressed pigs (if it hadn't been for rationing) for about \$5 more than the feed and pigs cost me. This allowed nothing for my labor. The same problem arose with the chickens.

But regardless of money, my family and I felt that the whole thing was a

success because we had a lot of fun and enjoyed life more than we had for years; and also because, under wartime restrictions, we could eat a lot of things which we wouldn't have been able to buy otherwise.

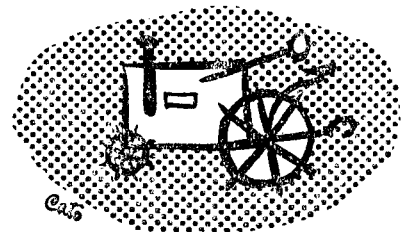
Pearson discusses at length how to make money from various crops. The chapter on blueberries I found especially interesting. Blueberries, if one has an acid soil, are a crop that the part-time farmer should go in for. No other crop pays such big dividends. An acre of blueberries may yield as much as \$1,000. Of course there is a good deal of labor involved in picking, but if it is possible, as Pearson suggests, to plan one's vacation accordingly, the crop can be harvested with a minimum of hired labor. Strawberries are also a good cash crop.

Pearson's idea of sticking to fruits and vegetables and running a roadside stand for your profit is a good one. He says you should get a small tractor, not a horse, to do your work, because it is cheaper in the long run, more labor-saving and less confining. A point emphasized by both Borsodi and Pearson is that you should make your mistakes on a small scale and not try to get rich overnight.

IF the depression holds off for a few years, thousands of people will try to get on to or back to the land. Unfortunately, it is very difficult to get a place now, and one should be extremely careful about buying. Don't let a slick real-estate agent talk you into paying too much.

If you manage to get a place at a reasonable price, and another Republican depression comes and you lose your job, at least you'll have a roof over your head and ground to raise your food, and maybe by that time sufficient experience to warrant expanding your operations enough to support your family.

ANGUS McDONALD



United Nations

Cross Purposes

AMONG high UN officials there is a growing fear that the implications of the Truman Doctrine, even as modified by Marshall's proposals for aid to Europe, are widening the gap between East and West. The Russians have been outspoken in their denunciation of the Truman Doctrine and they view Marshall's plans for US aid to Europe with skepticism. Comparatively minor differences, such as that involving the composition of Hungary's government, are mere corollaries of these more significant disagreements.

The Russians, of course, are interested in their own security and tend to suspect any gifts or loans made by an all-powerful rival. They can approach the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall aid proposals in two ways. Either they can inveigh against both and refuse to make concessions on either, or they can inveigh and still concede. Frightened by US power, certain that their only hope for international security lies in the UN, they are showing a willingness to concede on some points, at the same time making it perfectly clear that they can afford to go only so far.

This, in effect, is what Gromyko was saying in his speech on atomic-energy control. Atomic control, within the framework of general disarmament, forms the crux of the Soviet position, and that position hasn't changed since Molotov's speech advocating reduction of armaments, made at last fall's General Assembly. Gromyko is clearly in favor of international control of atomic energy; he agrees with the Western powers on questions of inspection, research and exchange of information. There is still the veto, which has always been more of a bargaining point than a real disagreement. And, since Russia has no atom bombs, there is the real difference—the point beyond which the Soviet Union cannot go—whether atomic weapons should be outlawed before international control is established (Soviet view) or whether international

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control should precede everything else (American view). The Russians, moreover, insist that control of the atom is a part of the disarmament program.

THIS emphasis on disarmament has increased since the advent of the Truman Doctrine and it will be heard from now on in every organ of the United Nations. The Russians are disturbed by the apparent desire of the US to take unilateral action on financial, economic, social or political issues affecting the entire world. The Economic and Employment Commission of the Economic and Social Council had a good dose of the Russian attitude at its second session which ended last week. Isador Lubin, the US delegate, found himself challenged by L. Kaminsky of Byelorussia, by A. P. Morozov of the Soviet Union and by Alexander Rudzinski of Poland. His three Eastern European colleagues, in effect, attacked both the unilateral Truman Doctrine and the suspect Marshall aid program.

Lubin's thesis was that the economic recovery of Europe must be planned by European countries working together but financed by the International Bank and the United States. The delegates from Eastern Europe wondered how these economic problems would be solved, by whom and in whose interest. Would loans be approved by the UN or by the US? Would they be used only in the interests of the people or to support militaristic governments? Who would benefit most from reconstruction, the country receiving the aid or the country giving it? This was a straight attack on the Truman Doctrine, but it also skirted the edges of Marshall's plan. Russia and Russian satellites are now members of a UN Economic Commission for Europe, an operating body designed to do just what Marshall proposes to do. The question in the minds of Russian delegates is whether Marshall would grant aid through the existing ECE or through a special commission with a strong Western orientation.

As a concession to these pressing questions, Lubin drew up a carefully recorded resolution to be handed to the Economic and Social Council emphasizing that "loans for economic development should be in the interests of the

people of the country receiving the loan, without political or other advantages accruing exclusively to the country giving the loan or assistance." The question may come up again in the Council, for the Russians are quite prepared to wash their hands of economic development in Europe if they are forced to deal through the US rather than the UN.

RUSSIA's attitude throughout the UN is: we have no reason to trust the motives of the Western bloc; we will fight for our own basic policy as long as we can, and we hope to avoid discussing the lesser issues in detail, since they only add to the confusion. Thus the USSR will fight the conclusions of the Balkan Commission which, to a large extent, blamed Soviet-dominated states for warfare in the Balkans. Russia will refuse to accept a US-sponsored and US-dominated atomic-control or disarmament program. But she will try to avoid a general debate on the government of Hungary unless the US brings the case before the Security Council. UN officials predict that the US won't bring the Hungarian question before the Council, because the defense might be stronger than the offense.

SECURITY COUNCIL action against Franco Spain (the *New Republic*, June 2) now seems unlikely. Delegates from Venezuela and Uruguay are still personally in favor of the move, but their governments feel that any attempt to invoke the General Assembly resolution requesting Security Council action after "a reasonable time" has elapsed, could more effectively be accomplished by a Council member than by a non-member. Because of France's strong anti-Franco stand, Alexandre Parodi, French delegate to the Council and its current chairman, is the likely candidate for such action. But South American delegates who have conferred with Parodi feel there is little hope of any action until the General Assembly meets next fall. At that time there will probably be another explosion involving a strong request for breaking commercial relations with Spain. Even then, however, the US and the UK combined may effectively ensure Franco's continued well-being. JANE BEDELL



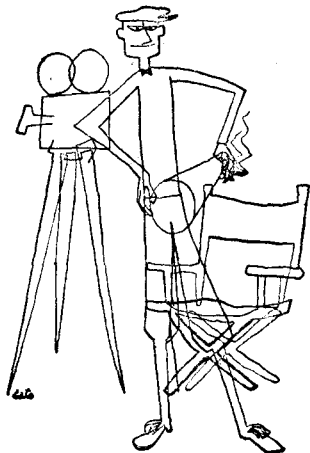
Movies



Accent on Youth

NORMAN KRASNA writes smooth, professional comedies that are very successful. The latest to be filmed is "Dear Ruth," which was a hit in the theatre and is even better on the screen. It is beautifully staged and mounted by William D. Russell, and though it's not a film I would deliberately see twice, I enjoyed it. The young audience will be delighted with one of the daughters of the Wilkins family, Miriam, played by Mona Freeman; and by Lieutenant Seacroft, played by William Holden. He gives the most impetuous, crazy performance of the year, in the course of which he makes great numbers of fast passes at Ruth—or Joan Caulfield. He is a demonstrative young man and is dearly loved by the whole family. The only one who takes exception to him, and all too violently, is Ruth's stuffy fiancé. The respectable affianced, a stock character, has become pretty irritating—but this is farce, in which the rules are as inflexible as they are in the minuet, and he is part of the convention. He is acted by Billy DeWolfe, who is all right, but whose performance in no way compares with those of the entrancing parents, played by Edward Arnold and Mary Philips. If there isn't much to praise in Joan Caulfield's work it is mainly because hers is one of the duller roles.

"Dear Ruth" is an example of what a writer, accomplished in good, en-



ameled box-office knowledge, can do with practically no story at all. In it, a little girl, drunk with patriotism, gets so carried away that she writes 60 hot letters to a flyer overseas and signs her sister's name. She makes the soldier very happy with her amorousness and her burning belief in liberalism. She is a terribly busy child. Before breakfast, she is stoically ringing doorbells, trying to get housewives to sign a petition for drafting women. She goes to meetings; she charges telegrams to Washington bigwigs (once the Secretary of War calls her back); she signs her parents up as donors to the local blood bank and she is involved in all the Bundles For groups. Indefatigable, Miriam, and quite a girl. She was fairly annoying in the play; in the movie she is a joy.

Mona Freeman in "Dear Ruth" and Jean Simmons, the English girl in "Great Expectations," are the best and most engaging of the teen-age actresses. Mona Freeman, like Jennifer Jones, her elder in purely obedient movie technique, is a good sample of the highly malleable, non-intellectual type of actor dear to a director's heart. Jean Simmons, on the contrary, not only has a brain, but uses it. Freeman has grace and beauty without seemingly a thought behind it. She does what she is told to do, primitively, with an instinctive skill.

IT HAPPENED ON FIFTH AVENUE" is childish stuff. Victor Moore, too cute for words, is in it, and so is Ann Harding, whose acting gets more real and who gets better-looking with the years.

The plot goes pretty much like this: a Chaplinesque tramp—so they think—with a very well trained, small, shaggy dog and a disposition that is a cross between Santa Claus and a Certified Public Accountant in love, is dedicated to spending his time in houses unoccupied or out of season and boarded up. On a certain day each year, he takes over the Fifth Avenue home of Charlie Ruggles, the second richest man in the world. He makes his entrance by way of a sort of

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ON PAGE 34

man-hole into the cellar and thence proceeds tortuously into the grandeur of what must be the most carelessly closed house on record.

He meets an ex-GI who has just been forcibly—and I mean by what amounts to a squad of men—evicted from his \$40-a-month apartment owned by the selfsame "second richest man in the world." Eventually the millionaire, his divorced wife and his daughter all show up at the manse under various disguises and produce the sort of confusion you would expect from such a situation if the Messrs. Moore and Ruggles were involved.

"It Happened on Fifth Avenue" is not "just one of those things." It is a very bad movie of wearisome claptrap. At the end of the preview one reviewer, older, stronger and more daring than this reporter, tore the synopsis-cast-sheet into little pieces and walked out. These pamphlets are sometimes the length of a novelette and almost as hard to tear as a telephone directory.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

WORTH SEEING

CHARLES CHAPLIN in "Monsieur Verdoux"—Not the great achievement expected, but anything this artist chooses to do is worth your attention.

MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET—Edmund Gwenn as Santa Claus does a good publicity job for Macy's and Gimbel's and manages to be delightful in the process.

THE MACOMBER AFFAIR—Gregory Peck, Joan Bennett, Robert Preston. A filming of the famous Hemingway story of cowardice and libido on African safari that is good enough to make you wish it were great.

SAVE YOUR EYES

THE EGG AND I—Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray in a poultry show that proves again how bad Hollywood can be.

DUEL IN THE SUN—There has been monstrous publicity for this film in which Gregory Peck bites a horse's ear in Technicolor.

TIME OUT OF MIND—Phyllis Calvert, Robert Hutton. Made by Robert Siodmak, who also did "The Killers." He should hang his head. Or perhaps just examine it.



Music



Bebop and Old Masters

ALTHOUGH I'm less than enthusiastic about a style of jazz called bebop, I feel that it's worth writing about because it's attracting an increasing number of listeners and because it might some day make more sense than it does now.

Bebop isn't easy to define, but I think it's safe to call it highly experimental. Bebop musicians like to fool around with weird chord effects and unusually complex melodic and rhythmic patterns, producing stuff that's comparatively foreign to many ears. For my money, it's an intensely neurotic style, and except for occasional passages that show imagination and beauty, I want no part of it.

Bebop fans, however, maintain that it's the jazz of tomorrow, and like to compare themselves with avant-garde writers and painters, affecting attitudes and a jargon designed to give them distinction as a class apart. Their badge is a pair of thick, black, horn-rimmed spectacles, which should give you an idea.

The natural habitat of bebop is West Fifty-second Street, where listeners pack tiny basement night clubs to hear musicians try to outdo one another in the execution of choruses and passages that are technically difficult but usually meaningless from any other standpoint. It occurs to me that I'm not being very tolerant, and I realize that it's awfully easy to cover one's lack of knowledge in any subject with a sneer. But I can't help sharing the feelings of several musicians to whom the following wisecrack has been attributed: "Bebop is just a bunch of guys covering up their mistakes."

Perhaps you'll see more in bebop than I can. A number of albums are available, and one of the most representative was released about six months ago by Dial. It's called "Bebop Jazz" and features some of the better known exponents of the style, including a trumpet player called Gabriel—who is

better known to his worshipers as Dizzy Gillespie, the Louis Armstrong of bebop.

Even if you don't care for the style, the album is worth buying—for the piano work of Ralph Burns and Jimmy Bunn, and for a sober intelligent explanation of bebop, written by Ross Russell, who supervised the date.

WHEN this article appears, the first of a series of Columbia reissues and previously unreleased masters will have gone on sale. It's an album of eight Ellington recordings cut in the middle thirties and hitherto unreleased. I haven't been able to hear the sides at this writing, but eight new Ellington records should be enough for any fan of the Duke's. The next album will come out on June 30. It's Volume II of Columbia's "Boogie Woogie" book, the first of which appeared several years ago. It will feature boogie-woogie solos by eight pianists, including three previously unreleased sides by Mary Lou Williams, James P. Johnston and Pete Johnson. An album of Billie Holiday records will follow on July 7, and after this, periodic reissues of Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith and Bix Beiderbecke. This is all the work of Columbia's hot-jazz expert, George Avakian, whose efforts in the field of reissues deserve a lot of credit.

COMMODORE, too, has been going in for previously unreleased records, and its latest offerings (distributed on the Commodore label by Decca), provide a wonderful opportunity to hear the rough, thrilling clarinet of Pee Wee Russell at its best, on four sides cut in 1944 with Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Bobby Hackett, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling and other musicians well known to patrons of Nick's and Eddie Condon's. The records are "Riverside Blues" and "Rosetta," and "Peg o' My Heart" and "St. Louis Blues" (12-inch). Everyone's fine on these sides, but Pee Wee is the star.

CHARLES MILLER

Henry Wallace

(Continued from page 13)

"For years," he went on, "the welfare of rural Americans has been stationary or actually declining. Five-sixths of rural homes still have no modern plumbing. Three-quarters of all farm wives carry their water supplies. Half a million farm homes haven't any privies at all. Even eight years ago, a quarter of a million farm homes were found to be beyond repair.

"One-third of our farmers get less than \$300 a year," Fryer added. "During 1945, farmers put in 20 billion hours and produced a \$20 billion gross product. An equivalent industrial labor force produced four times that much



in value. American factories today turn out \$4 to \$5 worth of product per man hour. Farmers turn out \$1 worth of product. After overhead, interest rates and taxes are paid, that leaves 50 cents an hour for all farmers. For the mass of small farmers, it's far less.

"These farmers had one attempt at governing their own lives through the committee system of the AAA. Often it was the big farmers who took over the program and accelerated the concentration into larger units. Nevertheless, it worked. Now the committee system and the whole program are being destroyed. The farmers believe that a depression is coming, and that when prices break, Congress will default on its obligation to maintain farm prices. That means that the last opportunity for the small farmer will be gone.

"Now *Life* magazine endorses the idea that two million of them had better quit their homes and look for jobs as laborers in the cities. And if present trends continue, they'll have to.

"But who are these two million?" he asked. "One of them is a young veteran I know. He borrowed \$6,000 to start payments on a farm. Now he can't pay the interest. He calls the bank his enemy. Inside a year he'll be flat broke and damned bitter.



"There's another vet I know. He works an old, weed-infested farm. He lives in a shack. He could make five times as much working as a railroad lineman. But he says he doesn't want a boss. He says he wants to be free. That's the way it is with all of them.

"The price approach can't help them. The efficiency approach is the only one. We've got nine million workers on the farms now. It's true that 7.5 million can do the job. But with government credit and government power, with controlled use of the land and controlled distribution through coöperatives for buying and processing and selling, we can keep the family farmer in America, and by gosh, he's worth keeping.

"Those that we can't make efficient, we can keep in service industries in the rural counties, rebuilding farm homes, building twice the schools, twice the hospitals, that we have now, and maintaining a real soil and forestry-conservation service.

"Only," he concluded, "we'll never do it as long as the farmers are unorganized. They realize that now. The Farmers' Union is growing faster today than in its entire history. We've got 300,000 now, and by 1951, when we expect the big smash to come, we'll have a million members!"

IN Denver, the national headquarters of the Farmers' Union, the progressive spirit is rising again. While there is great fear of communism and of Russia, there is also the basic strength of a great liberal tradition.

With Charles Graham, chairman of the Rocky Mountain Council for Social Action, I met in Denver with an inspiring group of Colorado liberals. I was sorry to hear that discrimination is still strong, particularly against children of Mexican blood born in Colorado. I learned about the doorbell-ringing campaign that bucked a national trend and sent a progressive, John Carroll, to Congress last November. I listened to wheat farmers, such as Simon Fishman from the plains, speak out for the AAA program and call for common action with labor, and I heard steel workers from Pueblo ask how they could work

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more closely with farmers. I found a rude young strength in the progressive movement from Denver, drawing its strength from ordinary people aroused about depression and war. Once again, speaking to huge meetings of students at Denver and Boulder, I found a new and intense concern in these young people about public affairs.



IN BILLINGS, Montana, our plane stopped for half an hour at midnight. I found 40 citizens of Billings waiting for me. Andrew Sutton, a local attorney, made the introductions:

"Dr. Kronmiller—he's the local physician. Ed Kotsky—he's a meat cutter. Bob Steel owns a typewriter agency. Dad Carlton here works for the *Herald*. Laura Thomson—she owns the biggest and cleanest dairy in town. Mr. and Mrs. Kinney—they sell cars." One after another, as we sat in the airlines terminal, members of the group stood up to talk. Many were old-timers, such as one who had carried the first hundred copies of the old Socialist paper, *Appeal to Reason*, into North Dakota. They were all angry men and women. "We don't live in a free country here," Kinney said. "Our boys work in a slave market. Their wages are rigged by the employers' association."

"When Mr. Sutton called me tonight, I telephoned the radio station and said I'd pay for an announcement that you were coming. They refused. The press won't even mention any opposition now. We just aren't free any more."

"Folks," Sutton added, "what makes me mad is that we're all called Communists. That's unfair. We don't call them fascists and I don't think we should. So what do we do?"

"Maybe we are Communists," a carpenter said. "We don't even know what communism is, so how can we tell? As far as a free press and radio telling us the truth is concerned, we live in darkest Africa here in Billings."

To me it was alarming to listen to these angry voices. To believe in democracy, Americans must believe that they are getting the truth. Without the truth they cannot intelligently direct our free institutions.

H. W.

Correspondence*Pleasant Dreams*

Optimism Is Urged on Jews of Today.
—Newspaper headline.

All is fine
In Palestine.
One big smile
Is Cyprus isle.
Gay as sin
Is bright Berlin.
Warsaw's streets
Are filled with eats.
Wide the doors
To US shores.
Lucky you
To be a Jew!

RICHARD ARMOUR

Claremont, Calif.

The Vandenberg Amendment

SIR: On page 5 of your issue of June 2 you say:

The Vandenberg Amendment gave the Security Council power to terminate by majority vote any such loan program as the US was embarking upon.

May I suggest that this statement is misleading?

The original amendment proposed by Vandenberg could properly have been described in those words, but the Truman Administration (so it was said) was dissatisfied with the proposal and suggested it be changed to its present form, as follows:

The President is directed to withdraw any or all aid authorized herein under any of the following circumstances:

2. If the President is officially notified by the United Nations that the Security Council finds [with respect to which finding the United States waives the use of any veto] or that the General Assembly finds that action taken or assistance furnished by the United Nations makes the continuation of such assistance unnecessary or undesirable. (C. R., 4748.)

This weasel-worded insult to the United Nations means nothing more than that if it—the UN—should ever care to take over the dirty job (which we well know it wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole) and should be able to give Greece and Turkey the needed "assistance" (which, without our money, it never would be), then we would get out and it could carry on in our place. This is typical of the fraud with which the entire scheme is infected.

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The Iceman Cometh

TRUMAN SAYS

CONTINENT TO

BE SOLIDIFIED

— *Headline in the Los Angeles Daily News.*

A Pretty How-do-you-do

Mr. Arlie Mixer was hooked under the chin by the clothes line as the wind had blown the prop down and threw him backwards, striking his head on the cement sidewalk and the doctor was called for medical attention and is recovering very nicely. — *From the Bardolph (Illinois) News.*

Hoover Prosperity

Lots of favorable comment on the plan to sell more than one vacuum cleaner to each home originated by Radio and Television Retailing. Numbers of dealers are ready to increase sales volumes via this modern technique. — *From Radio and Television Retailing.*

The Machine Age

John Rodino has taken a leave of absence and will depart Thursday for Chicago, where he plans to spend a few days before going to New York City, where he will board a train for Italy, May 23. — *From the Streator (Illinois) Times-Press.*

Our readers are invited to contribute; \$2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

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